

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

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Week of May 5, 1946



Gallery of Glamour

A Series of Paintings by
David Wright
Brilliant British Artist

Lady WITH a PAST



With Her "Son" She
Toured France,
Making Down
Payments on
Chateau With
Which to Impress
Jewelers. In This
Way She Collected Half a Dozen
Chateaux and Quantities of Jewels.

By Charles Robbins

"HAVE here," said the judge as he leafed through a file of papers, "a police report, containing a good many things which may prove unpleasant for you."

He was not exaggerating, for the woman to whom the remark was addressed was the Marquise Renee de Rola de Rosycki, one of the most notorious adventuresses of France. Seated in the witness box—plump, middle-aged, disillusioned-looking—she replied insolently:

"That doesn't surprise me."

The words confirmed what her appearance had suggested, namely, that the charm, which had helped her escape the worst consequences of a quarter century of anti-social behavior, had hardened at last into pure brass. This was unfortunate for her, because if ever she needed charm it was in the trial which began a few weeks ago in a Paris courtroom.

Now her trial is finished, and so also, it appears, is her career as a swindler. With nothing but brass to carry her through, the Marquise received a sentence of three years in prison, 20,000 francs fine and an additional five years of exile.

The episode that earned her these penalties began in 1933, when, on her way back to France from Egypt, she visited Yugoslavia. Professing to have wearied of the things of this world, she applied for admission to the Order of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. However, before taking vows, she changed her mind, quit the convent and returned to Paris.

In 1943 she complained to the Archbishop of Paris that the Church owed her a million dollars, showing



The Marquise
Renee de Rola
de Rosycki—a Promise of 400,000 Francs
Was All It Took to Lure the Marquise
into Marriage.

him, by way of proof, drafts and IOUs allegedly signed by the Sister Superior of the Yugoslavian branch of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Her story was that she had lent the Order her entire fortune, with the understanding that it be returned if she decided not to become a nun.

The Archbishop's investigation of this claim led to her arrest and trial, on charges of swindling and extortion. According to the lawyer, who presented the case, the story was:

The Marquise's million dollars existed nowhere but in her claims. She

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Marquise Sued Some Nuns for a Fortune She Said She Had Lent Them, but the Police Bobbed Up With the Story of Her 25 Years as a Swindler

had set out deliberately to bilk the Sisters. Offering them her fortune, not as a loan but as a gift, she had explained at the same time that it was tied up in Egypt and that she lacked the funds to go and get it. The Sister Superior generously had lent her the necessary sum—in the form of a draft—to be written off later, when the endowment should be presented to the Order.

The Marquise did not go to Egypt. She went to Paris, where she had forgeries made of the Sister's signature. These forgeries she then had authenticated by a Commissioner of Police, an old sweetheart, and after that lived for three years quite comfortably on the forgeries.

Although legally the daughter of a French officer, General Saffroy, she always has claimed to be the child of Philippe d'Orleans, pretender to the French throne. Her Parisian debut occurred in 1912, when she sang and displayed herself in a Montmartre night club.

Ten years later, as the favorite of Maurice Calmann, who had made millions out of renting blankets and pillows to European night trains, she was the proud possessor of a fat bank account, a chateau and a model farm, complete with 46 horses, 300 cows and 15,000 chickens. This period

of prosperity expired with the 1920s, chiefly due to the untimely death of Monsieur Calmann.

In 1932 she was arrested in Algiers on the complaint of a couple of taxi drivers, who had driven her all over North Africa without getting paid. With her at the time were two boys, one 14 and the other six. Both, she said, were her sons. The elder actually was her son. The younger she had spirited out of a Paris charity ward shortly after birth, claiming him as her own and using him to extract money from Calmann. All this was brought out in court. Nevertheless, she was acquitted.

The following year, wishing to dignify herself with a title and give both boys a good name, she went to an unscrupulous Parisian marriage broker, who told her about the Marquis Henri Rola de Rosycki. Of an ancient Polish-French family, he was 80 years old, paralyzed, weak in the head and living in an old persons' home outside Paris. A promise of 400,000 francs was all it took to lure him into marriage. He never got the francs. Not long after the wedding his new bride and new sons abandoned him and set off blithely on a swindling tour.

Their practice was to go to a town where there was a chateau for sale, make a small down payment on the property and give the appearance of making it their home. Then, inviting in all the local jewelers, the Marquise would choose their best wares and promise to pay next day. But the next day never came; during the night she had moved on.

A seventh chateau, in Morestel, Isere, proved her undoing; this time she didn't get out quickly enough. After her arrest, police found most of her victims well disposed toward her and she was let off lightly.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

WORLD-FAMOUS FOR POWER AND USEFULNESS

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GET A 'Jeep'



Twenty-Five Years Ago the Great, Farseeing American Asserted the Superiority of Air-Power Over Sea-Power, but the Brass Hats Busted Him. Now the Atomic Bomb Is Putting America's Military and Naval Commanders to a Similar and Much Greater Test.

(MAJOR R. W. (SHORTY) SCHROEDER, like the late Maj. Gen. William (Billy) Mitchell, was a combat pilot in World War I, and was one of the earliest associates of America's first great apostle—and martyr—to air power. Last year Major Schroeder was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in belated recognition of an heroic experimental high-altitude flight he undertook at Mitchell's behest in 1920. On that flight he nearly lost his life when he "blackened out" in a power dive and his plane plunged nearly seven miles toward the ground before he recovered control and pulled the plane out of the dive to land safely.)

By Major R. W. (Shorty) Schroeder

IF GOD would grant me one last request it would be a simple one to make.

I'd ask Him to let Billy Mitchell live again for just one day—the day that the Navy finally tries out an atomic bomb on a bunch of battleships and seagoing warcraft.

I imagine I can hear the general say right now: "Well, boys, this is where I came in 25 years ago. But I hope they give the atomic bomb a better hearing than they gave me. Not for any vindication on my part. I don't need it now. The men who flew the planes in this war are vindication enough. But God knows this nation of ours is at stake in this question of atomic and air power effectiveness against surface craft."

I've got a hunch that if my last request isn't granted—and I doubt that it will be—old Billy's spirit will be watching if and whenever they put on the show.

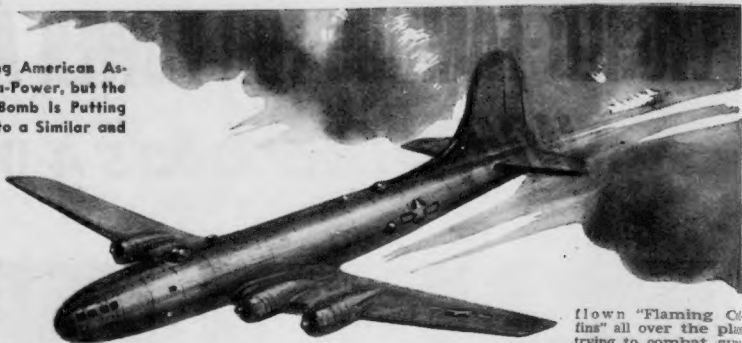
The big question today is: What will this new danger from the skies do to American sea power? The same question was being asked more than two decades ago when Billy Mitchell tried to shake the brass hats out of their lethargy and make them see the menace that budding air power held for the battleship.

This time the men to whom we entrust our command of the seas seem alive to the new danger. In the plans tentatively made this last winter for an experiment in the lagoon of Bikini Atoll in the Pacific, it was provided that all types of warcraft would be subjected to the destructive power of the atom bomb. What a show that would be. Battleships. Cruisers. Destroyers. The whole works. Such planning certainly indicates a lively curiosity and we can be thankful for at least that much.

All this assembled for another chapter in a serial Billy Mitchell started 25 years ago.

Everyone is worried this time. Even some of the brass hats who knocked Mitchell down, ripped the buttons from his tunic and broke his heart.

As I indicated, this is not the first time that sea power has been put on trial by air power. They've merely got a new and more deadly bomb than they had before to let fly at the warships.



It's the climax round of Mitchell's original fight. He started right after the last war to prove that an airplane, carrying bombs, could sink a battleship. He sank three.

The brass hats wouldn't accept his results and when he refused to give up his fight, they persecuted him and the nation almost lost a war.

This time there's even more at stake. They're dealing with some stuff which only the scientists know much about. The scientists and the military brains want to see if this new and horrible bomb can sink a modern battleship. They also would like to know what the release of this atomic energy does to the sea itself.

Certainly, no one has forgotten that a few Jap fliers broke the British resistance around Singapore and with them the British Navy's slowness in accepting air power. Several airborne missiles ripped His Majesty's battleships Repulse and Prince of Wales and they went down like rocks when we needed them most.

The experts say that the atom bomb may make the Navy of the future turn almost completely to air power. But let's look a little to the past.

Back in those days after we'd

flown "Flaming Coffins" all over the place trying to combat superior German planes, Billy Mitchell started a crusade and a campaign similar to this one coming up for the atomic bomb.

He dedicated his life to prove the value of aircraft in wartime as well as peacetime. But he fought a losing battle even when his experiments sank battleships and proved that the next war would be fought a whole lot of the time 25,000 to 30,000 feet above the ground.

Mossbacks, skeptics and bureaucrats, handcuffed by tradition, sneered at him. Then they went after him. He was demoted, then stripped of the uniform he loved and fought for so much.

Had those brass hats not kicked him around, the Repulse and the Prince of Wales might not be riding at anchor in Singapore Bay. Pearl Harbor might—yes, probably would have been averted. A lot of good American boys might be walking around today instead of being buried

Billy Prophet

If the General Could Live Again, Just Long Enough to See What an Atomic Bomb Could Do to a Fleet of Warships, He Would Say: "Well, Boys, This Is Where I Came in 25 Years Ago."





Mitchell with Honor

graves in some desolate spot of a foreign land. It wasn't until Sept. 1, 1939—the day the Nazis hit Poland with the then mighty Luftwaffe—that official stupidity was shaken and we awoke one morning to find war around the corner and we had just 20 heavy bombers. None of those was in first-line condition.

BILLY, who died in 1936, had a few disciples. We can thank God for men like Gen. Douglas MacArthur, H. H. "Hap" Arnold, and Carl Spaatz, who finally won support for Billy's theories and built us an air force that slaughtered the Nazis and sank the Japs.

"Once upon a time, but not so long ago," said a commentator on a recent radio program, "there lived a man who saw eagles in the sky. And that man's name, written eternally among the ever-shining stars, was Billy Mitchell."

On the same program was Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, who told of his long association with Billy, beginning when he drove Mitchell's staff car in France. Maybe you'd be interested in knowing what "Rick" had to say about this great man.

"Under his driving bluster, he was human and warm. On our whirlwind cross-country drives, rank was forgotten. He would discuss his troubles with me... As a storm center, Mitchell rushed into places where even cyclones feared to howl... When the dirigible

Shenandoah crashed in 1925, Mitchell attributed it to 'incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of the national defense by the War and Navy departments'... After the court-martial, Billy Mitchell led a more or less retired life on his farm in Virginia. But he continued to fight with a tireless and eloquent pen, and as the years went on, time took up the cudgel for air expansion where Billy Mitchell left off."

For the record, members of the court-martial which was convened Oct. 28, 1925, to hear charges against Mitchell were Maj. Gen. Charles P. Summerall, Robert L. Howze, who served as president of the court; Fred W. Sladen, Douglas MacArthur and William S. Graves; Brig. Gen. Benjamin A. Poore, Albert J. Bowley, Edward L. King, Frank R. McCoy, Edwin Winans, George L. Erwin and Ewing E. Booth. Col. Blanton Winship served as the judge advocate general; Col. Sherman Moreland as the trial judge advocate general, and Lt. Col. W. L. McMullen as the assistant trial judge advocate general.

Under his rights as defendant, Mitchell challenged three members of the court and they were excused from service: Summerall, Sladen and Bowley. On Nov. 17, Majors Francis B. Wiley and Allen W. Gullion were added to the court staff as assistant judges advocate general.

THE LONE VOTE FOR ACQUITTAL OF BILLY MITCHELL WAS CAST BY GENERAL DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR.

I've been asked a lot of times just what manner of man was Mitchell. Well, I suppose he was some sort of a prophet. He preached and pleaded for a big air force.

He stepped on a lot of official toes all over the place to tell his countrymen the truth which he believed they should and had a right to know. He was a fighting man in and out of battle.

I remember one time, shortly after the first World War, when Billy had asked me to get busy and develop a plane that would fly higher than any known to man.

I had been thinking along these lines myself, and had found a turbo-charger in a junk pile near Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

I mentioned this to Billy, and he asked me why I didn't get some new material. I told him that it required money, which we didn't have. Billy snorted:

"Get busy, I'll get you the dough if I have to beat some arm chair brass hat over the head for it."

He got the money.

Another time, Billy called me to Washington where some War Department brass was sold on either an English or French type of plane. I had told Billy that the German Fokker could outfly and outfight either of them and that we should develop our own type of plane.

Billy agreed, but he needed to prove it. Mitchell, ostensibly showing off the flying prowess of the English and French planes, ordered me to race a Fokker against them. I won easily. Again we had our way.

Billy never was a stuffed shirt. He was equally popular with enlisted men and officers.

Now I may be a skeptic but I keep thinking: "Just what's going to happen if and when they try out the new atom bomb on battleships? I mean, what's going to happen to the findings?"

I keep telling myself that this time the nation is going to be the benefactor. This time, the results are going to be studied and not pigeon-holed like they pigeon-holed Billy, and then, even after his death, pigeon-holed three times the move to grant him posthumously the rank of Major General on the Army's records.

ALMOST unbelievable is the fact that there are still some brass hats in Washington who fight even this honor for one of the greatest heroes the nation ever had. All three times the resolution has passed the Senate without dissent—and each time it has been pigeon-holed by the House Military Affairs Committee.

I burn up even when I think of the chance that they might treat atomic bomb findings like they treated Billy's results and the moves to grant him the medal which he so richly earned.

It won't happen if the press and the people of this country keep their eyes open.

We can't afford to have hide-bound brass hats, fearful of their jobs, pigeon-holing atomic findings. They must not be allowed to do that!

There's a great advantage now that Billy didn't have in his days.

We've still got General MacArthur, who was a member of the military court which tried Billy and alone voted for his acquittal.

We've got air-minded Elsenhower, and Spaatz, and Arnold, and Kenney, and other courageous men who saw what air power did in this war.

We've got Nagasaki and Hiroshima to remind us what the atomic bomb can do.

We've also got Cologne, Berlin, and a hundred other cities to show what air power can do even without the atom bomb.

If we could dive deep enough we could find a lot of Jap and German battleships that confirmed truths Billy Mitchell established 25 years ago.

We just can't be pigeon-holed again!



**The Newest Version
of Austria's Royal
Lovers' Death Ex-
plodes the Legend
of a Suicide Pact—
but No One Knows
If This Latest Ac-
count Is True**

The Secret



Alfred Buell

ONE of the greatest mysteries of modern times—the mystery of what actually happened in a hunting lodge called Mayerling, on the outskirts of Vienna, on the night of Jan. 29, 1889—is just as deep today as ever despite the recent emergence of a new version of how two royal lovers met their death.

All the world has ever known, for certain, was that the next morning, Crown Prince Rudolph, son of Emperor Franz Josef I and heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, was found dead in his bedroom and that close beside him lay the body of 17-year-old Baroness Marie Vetsera, covered with rose petals. She, too, was dead.

Over the years, nine different stories have been told of what happened in that wind-swept, snow-bound hunting lodge; the one generally accepted was that the pair chose to embrace death together rather than endure life alone.

But now, from Norway, comes a tenth version. The author of this new account was one Hugo Koehler, an obscure, 93-year-old lithographer who died last May in Kristiansund, Norway. Among his scanty possessions, the old man left a steel safe which was not opened until recently.

Reading of the papers inside the safe produced a sensation, for the documents purported to identify their now dead owner as Archduke Johann Salvatore, a cousin of Rudolph and himself a Hapsburg heir who renounced all claims to the throne following the tragedy at Mayerling. Even more sensational than these papers was the Archduke's diary, relating in detail his account of a gay champagne party punctuated by unbridled anger, violence and death for two.

True or false, this is Johann's story: Rudolph's romance with beautiful Marie was more or less on the rocks because of the young

lady's outspoken comments on court intrigues and political questions.

On that stormy night in 1889, during the course of a somewhat boisterous champagne party, the Crown Prince made the fatal error of snubbing Marie. The warm-blooded young lady retaliated by smashing a champagne bottle over Rudolph's head. He died in a few minutes. Then, Rudolph's valet killed Marie.

Johann wrote that the true story was quickly hushed up, and a story of mutual suicide concocted. This, however, did not down popu-

lar suspicion that one or the other of the pair had been murdered, and it was in the "whispering campaign" following the tragedy that Johann, in an argument with Emperor Josef, renounced his rights to the throne and left the country.

Though he was supposed to have perished in a shipwreck off Cape Horn, Johann said he actually had made his way to Norway.

This, then, is Johann's version of Mayerling, but, like all the rest, it is supported only by his own statements. There remains but one more chance that the true story of the royal tragedy ever will be known.

ALL of the principals connected with an event that changed the destiny of mankind are dead, including Crown Princess Stephanie, the wife whose companionship Rudolph deserted for Marie. Stephanie died only recently in retirement and obscurity in Hungary, a sad-eyed, 81-year-old little woman who took with her to the grave what she knew of Mayerling.

The lone chance for confirmation of Johann's story—or the introduction of still another version of the tragedy—lies in the memoirs of Katharine Schratz, the beautiful comedienne who became such an intimate of Franz Josef himself that Vienna called her the Empress Without a Crown.

Katharine was introduced to the Emperor by Empress Elizabeth, who felt the gay young actress might keep Franz Josef from sinking into his frequent spells of morbidity. The Emperor responded by falling in love with Katharine and

In the Snowbound Hunting Lodge Near Vienna, Aides Found the Crown Prince Dead in His Bedroom. Near By, Strown With Rose Petals, Lay the Body of the Beautiful Baroness.

Illustrated by ALFRED BUELL

Of Mayerling a Growing Enigma

building her a house close to Schoenbrunn Castle. There the Emperor would go to pour out his troubles to the sympathetic Katharine, telling her about his difficulties with Rudolph, whose ambition and popularity with the Hungarians had excited both his father's anger and jealousy.

All that was common knowledge. What else Franz Josef told his lovely companion, as they walked in the garden at dawn, we can only guess. There is no question but that on the morning of January 30, 1889, he told her all about what had happened the night before at the hunting lodge at Mayerling.

BUT Katharine Schrratt kept that secret. After the Emperor's death, men begged her to talk. She stubbornly, loyally refused. She was offered fabulous sums of money to write the story of her life as the Uncrowned Empress of Austria. But she vigorously shook her head. She did, however, put her memoirs on paper and had them locked in a safe, with a specific understanding that no one was to be allowed to read them until ten years after her death. She died in Vienna, on the 18th day of April, 1940. That means her memoirs will remain locked up for another four years. But then, when the safe is opened, the world may

But before the experts could get far with their investigation, the war came along and the project was indefinitely postponed. Hitler now was using tanks and bombing planes to impress the world with his own superiority over such people as the Hapsburgs. And so the mystery remains!

According to the Latest Version, the Fiery-Tempered Baroness Killed Rudolph With a Champagne Bottle and, in Turn, Was Shot by the Crown Prince's Loyal Valet.



find out the answer to the Mystery of Mayerling.

That is the last chance!

It is a mystery which even Adolf Hitler wasn't able to crack. Hitler had a sinister, political interest in the case. Others were curious to know whether Austria's gay young Crown Prince had killed his child-sweetheart after a Bacchanalian revelry and then had shot himself.

On, had they gone to their death as the result of a suicide pact, drawn up in their despondency over never being able to have each other legally and openly? Or had they been killed, as rumor had it, by the father of another girl who said she had been wronged by the boy prince? Or was the murderer a man sent to the lonely hunting lodge by Franz Josef himself, because of his fear that his irresponsible young son would bring his own reign to ruin?

Adolf Hitler wasn't especially interested in how or why these two ardent young lovers died. The reason he assigned chemists and detectives to the case, and ordered the bodies disinterred was because of his blind hatred of the Hapsburgs and all that they represented. After all, he had been an Austrian himself, and he knew the worship so many Austrians had had of the Hapsburgs.

Hitler was jealous of the Hapsburg reputation, and had a hatred of any symbol of monarchy. He ordered his criminologists to work on the mystery, shortly after the Anschluss, because he saw in the Mayerling case a chance to strip from the Hapsburg name what glamour was left to it and to hold the family up to the public ridicule.

Emperor Franz Josef is dead. The Empress Elizabeth is dead. And now Crown Princess Stephanie has gone.

Some day when historians write the story of the present, they may trace the agony the world went through in the 1940s, back, indirectly, to what happened that night in the hunting lodge at Mayerling. The trail is not obscure. The tragedy that left two lovers dead in the bedroom of a hunting lodge on the edge of Vienna had something to do with the fatal course of history.

Crown Prince Rudolph was the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. He was what we would call today a liberal thinker, democratically-minded, free of the military and dynastical prejudices of the other Hapsburgs.

Had he lived and succeeded to the throne, it is likely that he would have been able to pour oil on the troubled waters of Europe, and that World War I might have been avoided. And but for World War I there never would have been a Hitler, and but for Hitler there never would have been a World War II with millions of young Americans being given guns and sent to remote corners of the globe.

But Crown Prince Rudolph loved a girl who was 17, and that girl out of favor with his father, the Emperor. So they held their clandestine meetings in a hunting lodge. And in that hunting lodge, on the night of January 29, 1889, those two young lovers died, he with a bullet through his head, and she with rose petals cov-

ering the wound which ended her life before it had hardly begun. This, at least, was the generally accepted version of the tragedy.

They say that the Emperor's desire to avoid a scandal was so great that he ordered two valets of the girl to hush things up. And so they went to the lonely lodge and they dressed the dead

body in the clothes she had worn when she arrived at the place. And they covered her face with a thick black veil. And one of the valets took his walking stick and thrust it down the back of the dress to hold up her head. And each took an arm and half carried the body to an awaiting car.

The next day Baroness Marie Vetsera was buried by monks close by their Benedictine monastery at a place

called Heiligenkreuz. In later years the mother of the girl built a tiny chapel over the grave.

Crown Princess Stephanie, daughter of King Leopold of the Belgians, who was made a widow by what happened at Mayerling, married a Hungarian count ten years later.

BUT an evil star still hung over her head, for in eight years her second husband became an incurable invalid, and in 1924 a daughter she had had by Rudolph was divorced by a Hungarian Prince after a trial in which the girl was accused of improper conduct.

So the mother went into retirement and now she has died, still maintaining her silence about the great tragedy of her life, the tragedy of Mayerling.

For the rest of the world what happened at that hunting lodge that cold winter night had even greater repercussions, and more tragic, for Rudolph was succeeded as heir to the throne by a distant cousin, Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand. And he had an indiscreet romance.

The girl of his heart was a commoner named Sophie Chotek, whom he insisted on marrying, despite the Emperor's wishes. As a result, he became involved in military intrigues which led to his own assassination at Sarajevo, in Yugoslavia, in 1914, and that in turn, as all the world remembers, started off the first world war of history.

And all because of the love of a Crown Prince for a winsome Baroness of 17!

Illustrated by RALPH CRAWLEY



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most delicious flavor**

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LOVE in GLOOM

The Pretty Van Heusen Heiress Says She's Divinely Happy—Even Though Her Cowboy-Husband's Out of Work and Most of Her Own Income's Been Cut Off

PRACTICAL people say you can't live on love. Attractive Irene Van Heusen Bihn Ferreira, heiress to the Van Heusen and Singer fortunes, says you can.

What's more she has been endeavoring to prove it by keeping house for her new husband, Cowboy Norman Ferreira, in a small cottage in an automobile camp near Reno.

Times are hard for the cowboy and his lady, Irene's once royal income has been reduced to a paltry \$16 a week and Ferreira is out of work because of stomach ulcers. Yet the harassed bride says she's happy in her unaccustomed surroundings and her only concern is nursing her hard-riding husband back to his saddle.

Ferreira, who married Irene a few days after her Reno divorce from Robert MacDonald Bihn, son and namesake of Florenz Ziegfeld's financial backer, is a rodeo rider by profession. His refusal to drink milk according to his doctor's prescription has grounded him indefinitely.

When Irene married her cowboy after a two-week romance on the Reno ranges it looked for a time as if the marriage couldn't possibly outlast the courtship. Trouble marred the ceremony itself—held last fall at the dude ranch of Arthur (Frenchy the Barber) Dupont, Reno's marrying haircutter.

The judge was late for the elaborate function and Irene scolded him for it. Then Ferreira and Frenchy quarreled over some broken dishes and the cowboy took off his coat and dared Frenchy to "go to the floor" with him. Both were cooled off without fisticuffs.

Frenchy turned around and married Irene's maid of honor, Marguerite McMillan, Kansas City divorcee. Only the other day, Marguerite, the 12th Mrs. Dupont, asked the police to keep Frenchy from "bothering" her.

Irene and Ferreira crossed the country after their wedding and visited Irene's mother, Mrs. Irene Frazier Jaggi, at New Rochelle, N. Y.

They left by automobile for the west again and on Oct. 6 Chicago police were summoned to the Union Station to pick up a mink-coated

woman who was "acting peculiarly." At Cook County Psychopathic Hospital, she was listed as "Mary Doe," but later admitted she was Irene Van Heusen Ferreira.

According to hospital attaches, she said she was going to Reno to divorce Ferreira. At first she said her daughter, Sandra Bihn, eight, had died and kept moaning, "My baby, where is my baby?"

Investigation established that Baby Sandra was alive and well at Mrs. Jaggi's home.

Irene was subsequently released from the Chicago hospital and returned to New York, where she was reported a patient in a Westchester hospital. Mrs. Jaggi applied for a conservator to handle her daughter's property and Henry Cohen, New York lawyer, was appointed her special guardian.

Cohen interviewed Irene and said she told him the Ferreira car had broken down at Greensboro, Pa., while the couple were on the way from New Rochelle to Reno. She told

him, according to Cohen, that Ferreira had then demanded \$100,000 in cash and beat her when she refused.

"She eluded her husband and traveled to Chicago by train," Cohen said. The lawyer said that Irene still wanted to invest \$50,000 in a ranch for Ferreira.

Mrs. Jaggi, in her application to curb Irene's spending, set forth that her daughter had a considerable fortune and "has the sole and exclusive right to the use and disposition of that money."

Irene, daughter of the late William Proctor Manning Van Heusen, granddaughter of Charles Manning Van Heusen and great-granddaughter of Isaac Singer, "has lost all sense of values and ability to manage her affairs," said her mother.

Mrs. Jaggi also recalled reports from Reno that Irene had spent \$5,000 in a single week buying horses and saddles for new friends she met while staying at Frenchy Dupont's ranch. She reviewed her sudden marriage to Cowboy Ferreira and added, "I have been informed that my daughter suffered a loss of memory (in Chicago)."

Bolstering Mrs. Jaggi's case, Lawyer Cohen said, "She (Irene) attributed her behavior in Chicago to the effects of the beatings she received and I have no reason to think otherwise."



Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ferreira—When the Cowboy Had a Job and Things Were Looking Up.

While the case was in progress in New York, Irene quietly departed for the west again and bobbed up with her cowboy in Reno.

She indignantly denied Ferreira had asked for money or beat her, explaining that everything she told the special guardian in New York "was untrue." She said psychiatrists hurled "so many questions at me I didn't realize what I was saying."

"Now," she went on, "I want to vindicate Norman. He and I are very happy. He has a job now. Norman's a real man. I love him. Other girls have done what I've done and made a go of it after they shook off the Reno leeches. That's what we plan to do."

Here Norman spoke up. "I do not strike women," he said. "Irene is my wife. I love her and she loves me."

Irene, squeezing his hand, said her mother's action was started in "anger because I did not tell her I was going to marry Norman. I'm over 21."

Irene and Norman later moved to a place near the Reno track, but found conditions unsatisfactory.

They were moving out when Ferreira's ulcers kicked up and word came from New York that Irene's mother had succeeded in tying up most of her income. That's when they moved to the automobile camp between Reno and Sparks.

Irene still insists she's in love and happy. As for the lost income—"we'll iron that out when I go East."



The Cowboy Has Ulcers Now, Is Out of the Saddle and on a Milk Diet.



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* Painted to celebrate the homecoming happiness of thousands of our young men—from the wedding of Sergeant Norman Germain and Miss Gertrude Kramer, before Rabbi Max Felskin, New York City. Original presented to bride, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.



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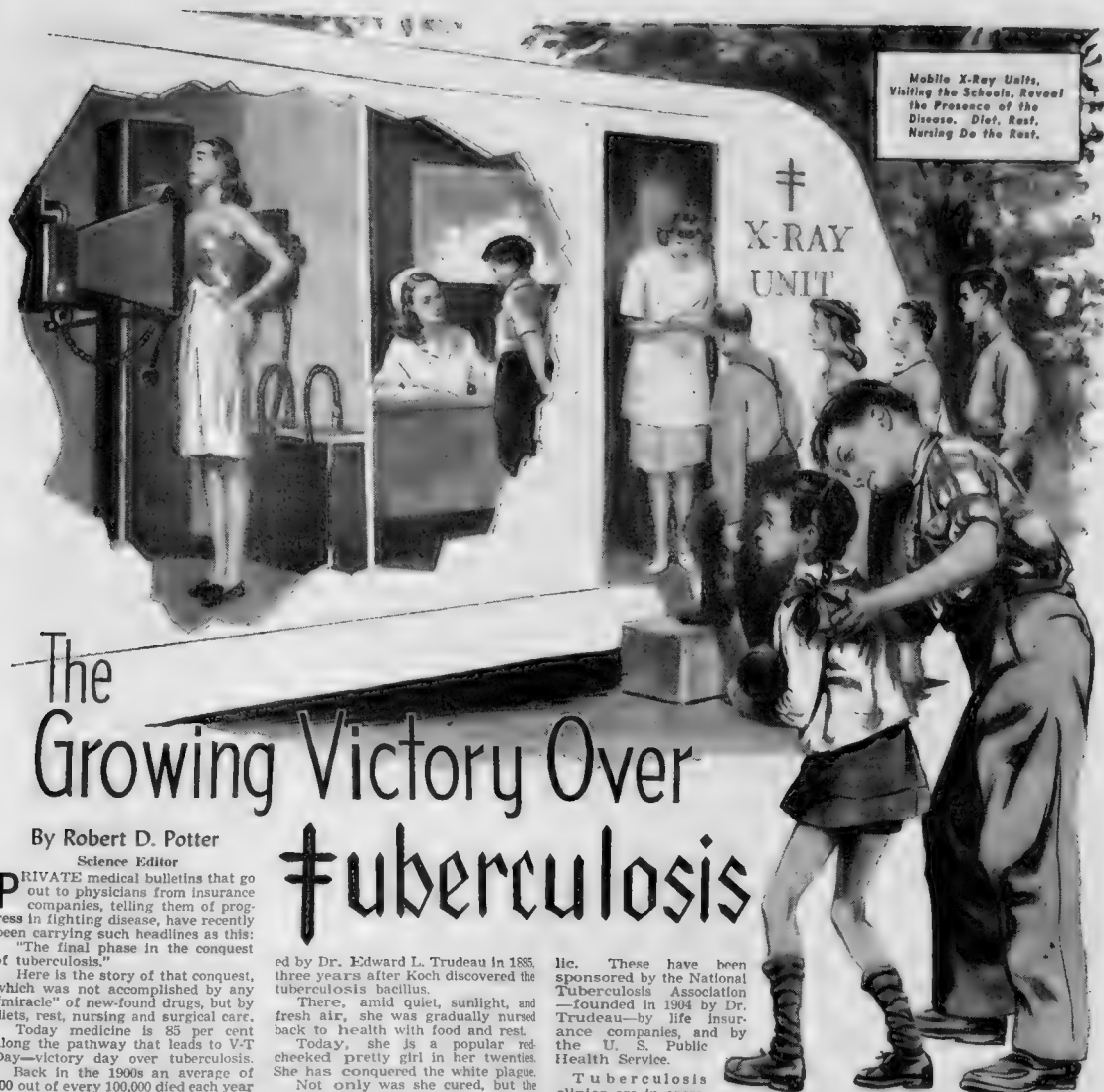
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Mobile X-Ray Units,
Visiting the Schools, Reveal
the Presence of the
Disease. Diet, Rest,
Nursing Do the Rest.

The Growing Victory Over Tuberculosis

By Robert D. Potter
Science Editor

PRIVATE medical bulletins that go out to physicians from insurance companies, telling them of progress in fighting disease, have recently been carrying such headlines as this: "The final phase in the conquest of tuberculosis."

Here is the story of that conquest, which was not accomplished by any "miracle" of new-found drugs, but by diets, rest, nursing and surgical care. Today medicine is 85 per cent along the pathway that leads to V-T Day—victory day over tuberculosis.

Back in the 1900s an average of 200 out of every 100,000 died each year from the great "white plague." Today the loss is 35 in every 100,000.

The final conquest is in sight. The curve of falling death rate, reproduced on this page, shows how medical statisticians project the battle into the future.

The most important step is diagnosing cases in their early stages. A typical case is that of Alice S., who lives in a narrow block of tenements on New York's lower East Side.

Several years ago she was a slight girl for her 17 years, with pale cheeks and an annoying cough.

One day her school announced that a mobile X-ray unit would be down to give free chest examinations to all children.

Alice was X-rayed and tuberculosis was discovered. She was sent up to the sanatorium at Saranac Lake found-

ed by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau in 1885, three years after Koch discovered the tuberculosis bacillus.

There, amid quiet, sunlight, and fresh air, she was gradually nursed back to health with food and rest.

Today, she is a popular red-cheeked pretty girl in her twenties. She has conquered the white plague.

Not only was she cured, but the disease was kept from spreading to her family or neighbors.

Alice was lucky, for a few years ago the diagnosis of the disease in its early stage wasn't simple.

It is only recently that large electrical companies have developed the highly efficient mobile X-ray units, which take hundreds of miniature negatives on a roll of 35 and 75mm. film in the same time and at a fraction of the cost of one of the old-fashioned king-size prints.

Important, too, in the stamping out of the disease have been the widespread campaigns to educate the pub-

lic. These have been sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association—founded in 1904 by Dr. Trudeau—by life insurance companies, and by the U. S. Public Health Service.

Tuberculosis clinics are in operation today throughout the country in virtually every community.

New studies show that tuberculosis is as old as mankind itself. Although any organ of the body may succumb to it, the lungs are especially susceptible.

Tuberculin tests help discover the infection in other parts of the body than the lungs.

Until lately it has been thought that tuberculosis was originally carried to this hemisphere from the old world. But Dr. Antonio Requena, a Venezuelan anthropologist and medical doctor who examined a pre-Columbus skeleton, has found evidence that the disease was prevalent in the Americas as well as in Africa and Europe before the days of Columbus.

The word "tuberculosis" itself comes from the "tubercles," small lumps that are formed in the tissues attacked by the bacilli.

The evil micro-organisms barricade themselves by building tubercles. Scar tissue forms and acts as armor plate around the cells they have invaded. Fortified against radical treatment, the bacilli feed on the normal nourishment of these cells, grow and spread.

Where the bacteria are not yet

Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

established strongly, building up the body is usually sufficient.

When the disease has progressed masses of scar tissue enclosing tubercular cells may have to be cut out.

Great progress has been made in this technique of lung collapse surgery. Many former victims of tuberculosis are getting along normally with only one lung.

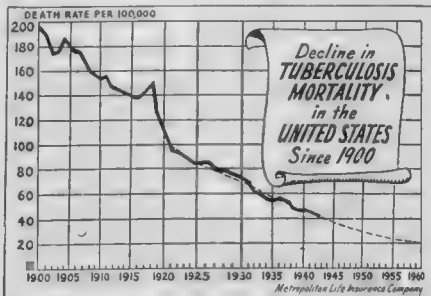
When will the final conquest of tuberculosis arrive?

Soon it is hoped, for even now the chemical cure for the most difficult cases may be in some test tube in a laboratory. Lately scientists have studied drugs which appear to conquer the disease.

Promin, a sulfone derivative, is one that holds great promise. Promising too are the chemicals streptomycin and streptothricin. Streptomycin has been used on an experimental basis by Drs. H. Corwin Hinshaw and William H. Feldman of the Mayo Clinic.

At Johns Hopkins Medical School Drs. Wallace Brooks and Robert Day are getting encouraging results with a tuberculosis vaccine. Tiny injections under the skin do not harm human beings.

From the laboratory of preventive medicine at the University of Chicago comes the report of Dr. Truman S. Potter that it may soon be possible to prevent tuberculosis by spraying the air with disinfectants.



If the Mortality Rate Continues to Decrease, in Less Than 50 Years There Should Be Virtually No Deaths From the Scourge.

May 7, 1946

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 11

Women's Severest Critics— WOMEN



Josephine Beauharnais, Napoleon's Wife (From Portrait by Gerard)—Was She Really a Foolish, Selfish Creature Who Hoodwinked Europe's Big Shot All the Way?

By John Erskine

USED to be the masculine biographers who pointed out the moral lapses of respectable ladies, but now the women themselves take a hand. The gossips of antiquity, like Procopius, who smirched the memory of Theodora, employed a simple and effective method; without even pretending to furnish proof, they told improper anecdotes about their victims, and let the mud stick.

The technique of women writers today is more refined. They wrap their prey in a novel, which, of course, is a work of fiction, but it may be founded on fact, and the author implies it is. Marjorie Corwyn tries her hand at this formula in *The Marriage of Josephine* (Appleton-Century).

She interprets the widow of General Beauharnais as a foolish, selfish creature who helps herself to a succession of romances, and lands at last on the imperial throne, hoodwinking Napoleon all the way.

The kind of life ascribed to Josephine is usually ascribed to the women whom sailors leave behind

them when they put to sea. Napoleon was a sort of land-sailor, absent on frequent campaigns. If not on voyages, the lonely console themselves if they can. Was the novelist really thinking about Emma, Lady Hamilton? She, before she met Nelson, had gone through enough authenticated adventures to equip a modern Procopius, male or female, with a whole library of anecdotes. She was the daughter of a blacksmith. She had a child before she learned to read. Charles Greville, the third or fourth man in her life, handed her over to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton.

After a few years Hamilton married her, and it looked for a while as though she might remain stationary and respectable, but then she met Nelson, who loved her with a great intensity and devotion.

If the ancient scandal-mongers are correct, Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius and the mother of the Emperor Commodus, leads the field.

Faustina was extremely beautiful, and so far as the neighbors could see rather well behaved, but even those same neighbors were ready to believe

The Female of the Biographer Species Is More Deadly Than the Male When It Comes to Gossip About History's More Interesting Ladies

that somehow she met men in secret, and that one of them, a gladiator, was the father of Commodus.

Though this scandal circulated widely, there were cautious folk, even in antiquity, who believed it was fabricated. If Faustina was interested in gladiators and other riff-raff, when and where did she associate with them? Marcus Aurelius spent most of his time with the Roman armies on the frontiers of the empire, trying to hold off the hostile peoples who were thrusting in toward the Eternal City. Faustina accompanied him.

Before the Victorian age, English ladies behaved in ways which Victoria made a point of not mentioning. When Thackeray portrayed Becky Sharp, he had no need to rely exclusively on his imagination. The circle in which Byron moved could have given Josephine lessons on how to lead a double career.

Elizabeth, Viscountess Melbourne, was the outstanding case. She belonged to one great family, she married into another, she had beauty and brains, but not what is usually called morals. She believed in doing exactly as she pleased, but she also believed in respectability, and she so contrived her behavior that her position in the best society was never disturbed.

It may be that Lady Melbourne, always calculating, encouraged polite people to think well of her by permitting the Prince of Wales to be the father of one of her six children.



Elizabeth Milbanke, Lady Melbourne—She Believed in Doing What She Pleased, but She Also Believed in Respectability. From a Painting by Thomas Phillips.

The American husband goes to extremes; he either believes in his wife or he shoots her. If he does neither, but continues to love her, the case may become a public, even a national, scandal. Andrew Jackson was temperamentally chivalrous, and the romantic happiness of his own marriage, in spite of the scandal which political enemies circulated about his adored wife, made him charitable to all beautiful ladies who got themselves talked about. Though he was not what we would call a society man, perhaps the two most striking episodes in his career—first from arguments about the reputation of women. When his political enemies wanted to bump him off, they arranged for Charles Dickinson, an expert pistol shot, to make in public a disparaging remark about Mrs. Jackson, and Jackson killed him.

When he was president he risked his political career by coming to the defense of the charming but notorious Margaret O'Neale Eaton, wife of Major John H. Eaton, Secretary of War. Washington gossips played havoc with Peggy Eaton's past, and Jackson's political enemies were mean enough to use this talk about the woman in their attempt to drive her devoted husband from office. But Jackson stood by his Secretary of War, and, being Jackson, he stood by Peggy. It was the enemies of Major Eaton who had to retire.



Wedding of Josephine and Napoleon, From the Painting of David. Josephine Had Lived the Kind of Life That Is Usually Ascribed to Women Whom Sailors Leave Behind When They Put to Sea, According to Her Latest Biographer—a Woman, of Course. And Napoleon Was a Sort of Land Sailor, She Adds.

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So You Prefer A HOUSING SHORTAGE!

Possibly No One in the World but a Corporal of U. S. Engineers Could Get Two Wives and Four Children to Live Under the Same Roof With Him Happily. But the Law Led Him Away to a City Housing Project Complete With Iron Cot and Steel Bars.

By Homer Croy

THE easiest way I've heard of solving the housing shortage was worked out by a former corporal of the United States Army. He was in the Engineers and the Engineers are famous for solving tough problems. This is Michael J. Stanek and the place where he went to look on the situation was in the San Francisco district.

His good intentions immediately got him into trouble which—alas!—so often happens. He had, so it is written, one wife; then took another. Four children had come to bless his happy home. Two wives and four children is quite a record.

Now comes the touch of genius. He managed to get both wives and the four children to live under the same roof without raising it.

Unfortunately his approach to the housing situation attracted the attention of the Law. When stern men came to lead him away to a city housing project, complete with iron cot and steel bars, both wives stood up for him. They said they liked the home he had provided and that he was an excellent husband and loving father. But the stern men shut their ears and led Corporal Stanek off to jail where he is, as I set these words upon paper, living a secluded life.

Another odd method was arrived at by war veteran Charles A. Stanek. He took his wife and two children and moved into the railroad depot at Madison, N. J. He was delighted to have an electrically lighted foxhole; it was roomy and comfortable and had a mirror and paper towels.

Things were going nicely until a passer-by happened to see this solution of the housing problem. In no time at all police walked in. But, after all, it wasn't so bad, for the chief of police himself led the family to a restaurant and fed them.

Mr. Stanek's solution got into the papers and soon Mr. Stanek was moving in a fairland. Offers of jobs and clothes and houses came floating in from everywhere. A few days before, there hadn't been a house available; now he had the choice of four. It



One Veteran's Wife Showed Him the Abandoned Schoolhouse Where She'd Learned Her ABCs. "Why Not?" He Missed. Now It's Their School, Sweet Home. Another Veteran Moved His Wife and Children Into a Railroad Station. It Was Roomy and Comfortable and Had a Mirror and Paper Towels.

staggered the human imagination. Finally he accepted a two-room bungalow in Asbury Park, N. J., which was his free for five months. Not only that but the gas and electricity will be paid. Yes and he now has a job.

Another odd method was hit on by John Kology, also a war veteran, of Stafford, Conn. He had about gone crazy looking for a place; then one day he passed an old schoolhouse which had been abandoned for six years. His wife said, "That's where I used to go to school. I learned my ABCs there."

"Why not?" said he.

Illustrated by HERMAN THOMAS

Forthwith and immediately it was done. He bought the schoolhouse and is now fixing it up as their home.

A couple in Michigan City, Ind., moved into an abandoned boxcar. A woman in Florida moved into the lobby of a hotel. She slept sitting in a chair and had her meals brought in by sympathetic friends.

Now comes the other side: There is room on the farms of this country

for the city sardines. Farm boys and girls have been steadily moving to the cities—and banging into housing problems. The houses on the farms stand vacant. In 1910 one person out of three lived on a farm. Now one person out of 6½ lives on a farm.

Right this minute, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, in Washington, 800,000 people are needed on farms.

And what in all the world remains to have than your own home in the country? And to be your own boss?

Most people think of the country in terms of 20 years ago; they don't realize the farm home has changed tremendously. You now have electric lights, a radio and a locker.

Do you know what a "locker" is? It's a place where frozen foods are kept. You put your strawberries (straight from the patch) into it. Next winter, when the snow is flying, to crawl through the window pane, you pull your berries out and chop

them down. You put your free-running, big fed, yellow-legged chickens in your locker. And your T-bone steak. That's what I mean—T-bone steak. You don't have them, but farmers have them. Farmers

"feed their cattle out." This means after they take them off pasture, they feed them for 120 days, for it takes that long to fatten a steer for prime beef. Then the neighbors join together and dress their fattest steers—not for you—but for themselves. The steers go into the frozen locker; then the farmer sinks his teeth in

to that lovely, juicy steak about the time you are breaking your teeth off on a gristle. The reason you have such poor steak is because the farmers are feeding the cattle 60 days and sending them to market.



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Spring is the Time of Tender, Sprouting Green Things—
and of Rashes, Inflammation and Blisters, Too. So
Learn Your Toxic Plants and Shun
Them!



POISON in the Garden

By Professor Roy L. Abbott

Iowa State Teachers College

WITH spring at hand nature is again taking the wraps off the plant world. Now is the time of sprouting seeds, of leaves and flowers and of green things generally. But in your enthusiasm for all this awakening life, for the planting of flowers or of a vegetable garden, remember that right in your own backyard, or out in the country at your favorite picnic spot, will be found not only beautiful, harmless plants, but some that are as poisonous as they are beautiful.

In the United States there are at least 100 plants that can cause a toxic skin rash in some people. How bad you will react—the severity of the irritation in the form of inflammation or blisters—depends both upon the plant and your susceptibility. Even so-called "friendly" plants may be dangerous. Most people probably will be surprised to know that severe dermatitis may be caused by such familiar plants as lady slippers, larkspur, the primrose, buckwheat, and the parsnip.

The plants most individuals worry about—and rightly—is the common poison ivy, known to scientists as *Rhus Toxicodendron*, and its close relatives, the so-called poison oaks. Do not confuse dangerous poison ivy with the common but harmless five-leaved ivy or Virginia Creeper. Remember that poison ivy is three-leaved.

Poison ivy harms nearly every body who touches it, but contrary

to popular opinion, it does not cause poisoning at a distance, save when its juices are carried on garden tools or clothing or in particles of smoke when the plant is burning.

To most people, a poisonous plant is one which, like poison ivy, harms upon contact. But very few plants of all the harmful ones, however, are toxic in this sense. Most of them produce their harmful effects only when eaten by man or his domestic animals. Some of the most dangerous of all are raised commonly in flower gardens by people who do not appreciate the dangers of foxglove, aconite, larkspur, and castor-bean.

Strangely, too, some plants are edible in part, and poisonous in part. Rhubarb has highly edible leaf stalks, but a number of people have died from eating the broad blades of the leaves. Birds love the fruit of the wild black cherry but cattle have frequently been killed by eating the leaves of this tree.

While picnicking, watch out for dangerous water-hemlock or cowbane, both fairly common along streams in low ground. Both adults and children have died from eating the roots of these plants under the mistaken notion that they were parsnips or artichokes.

Still another dangerous "picnic" plant is poison-hemlock or poison parsley, the deadly plant used to kill Socrates. Several recent cases of severe poisoning have resulted from mistakenly eating the leaves for parsley and the seeds for anise.

Newspaper reports tell of fatal poisoning from eating the seeds of

the Jimson weed—often called Thorn-apple, a plant common around barnyards and widely spread across the United States. Its leaves may also cause dermatitis.

Indian hemp or marijuana is scattered through woods and along roadsides from coast to coast, and raised extensively for the making of cordage. The seeds are a common ingredient of commercial bird-seed. Handling the seven-parted leaves may cause dermatitis.

Most deadly of all backyard plants, however, are two or three kinds of toadstools or mushrooms. (Botanists make no distinction between these terms.) There is no antidote for the poison of one of these, the so-called "deadly agaric."

This vicious killer may be pure white, yellowish, green, or olive. Usually it is found in woods or along their edges, but may appear in lawns from woods. A closely related form, the "fly agaric" has been used for making fly poison. Caesar's mushroom, an edible form, looks much like the "fly agaric."

Only one or two mushrooms, the morels, can be safely eaten by people unfamiliar with these plants. The morels are usually conical in shape, the caps deeply ridged and pitted.

Remember that there is no single test or standard by which you may distinguish a deadly mushroom from a harmless or edible one. Pay no attention to people who tell you of the "silver spoon" test, the "salt" test, the criterion of a scaly cap, or the presence of the so-called "death cup" at the base of the plant. None of these can be trusted.



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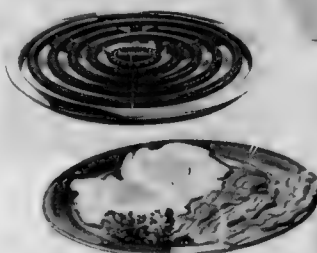
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The GREAT

Betting Is a Bad Business. Chicago O'Brien and Pittsburgh Phil, the Famous Plungers, Beat the Races and Died Millionaires, But With the Same Brains, Energy and Courage They Could Have Made More Money—and With Less Danger to Blood Pressure—Doing Something Else

By Paul Gallico

"ALL horse players must die broke," runs the old adage.

This is a story about two famous plungers of the American turf, horse players who didn't die broke. They beat the races. They died millionaires.

They beat the races because they made a business out of it. But it was a bad business. It killed one man at the youthful age of 45. It enabled the other to realize \$150,000 on an annual investment of \$6,000,000. That's at the rate of two and one-half per cent. You wouldn't call that good business, would you?

The names of the two businessmen, Pittsburgh Phil and Chicago O'Brien, echo the wildly and flamboyant youth of the American turf before the turn of the century, when the dollar was tough, rugged and as full-blooded as the sportsmen who wooed it via the hayburners, and a \$200,000 "killing" equalled a \$1,000,000 coup today. Except you do not hear of any million dollar clean-ups these times.

This romantic pair of racetrack financiers was born within three years of each other, George Elsworth Smith, later to become known as Pittsburgh Phil, in the town of Sewickley outside of Pittsburgh in 1860, and Thomas W. O'Brien on Chicago's South Side in the year 1863. When Pittsburgh Phil died in 1906, his estate was valued at \$1,700,000. When Chicago O'Brien passed on in 1931 to that happy land where only the long shots win and the bookies always pay off, his pile was appraised at \$1,288,844.

They beat the races. So it can be done. Just a minute, Brother, before you break for the track with that well-filled wallet. If you will just stay with us a few more moments until we look into HOW it was done, it may save you some money.

For Pittsburgh Phil who made nearly two million dollars in a series of business deals or wagers involving his knowledge, experience and judgment of the speed of horses, not to mention a certain element of luck, was killed by the pressure of that same business. Tuberculosis is listed as the cause of his death at the age of 45, but those who knew him say that he was emotionally and physically burned out from the repression of the normal excitement engendered by risking large sums of money to gain further sums.

Chicago O'Brien lived to a ripe old age, but the business methods he applied to earning a living from the race track would give the average



There Is No Strain Comparable to That of Staking a Fortune on the Footwork of a Horse—As When O'Brien Played Man o' War at 1 to 20. He Risked \$100,000 to Win \$5,000—5 Per Cent on His Investment.

merchant, manufacturer or middleman the blind staggers, not to mention gray hairs.

For example, consider the October day in Windsor, Ont., in 1920, when he placed a bet of \$100,000 on Man o' War which ran against Sir Barton in the Kenilworth Park Gold Cup meet, at odds of 1 to 20, to win \$5,000, or only 5 per cent on his immediate risk.

The businessman who invests a \$100,000 pile against a 5 per cent return at least can get out of a mess with a part of the bankroll, or some negotiable assets. But if Man o' War had stumbled in that race—goombye hundred grand.

The tip-off to the fantastic overall success of Pittsburgh Phil as a horse player may be found in a conversation once reported by James C. McGill, his nephew.

The late Jacob Ruppert, the brewer, then a young and sports-minded beer magnate owning a small string of horses, once kidded Phil about the easy life he led.

"Just a few hours of pleasant work a day out in the open air and getting rich," he said.

Phil, who like most horse plungers and gamblers was not noted for a sense of humor, asked Ruppert: "How is it, since you enjoy making a small bet on whatever you like, that you only come to the track on Saturday, or when one of your horses is running?"

Ruppert replied: "Oh now look here, Phil. I have my business to attend to."

Phil continued his line of attack—"You don't believe then, that if a merchant only gave four or five hours a day to his business, he would be successful in it?"

Ruppert replied:

"He might not last a year."

"Neither would I—in the business of betting," said Pittsburgh Phil.

WHAT a business he made of it! No man ever worked as hard, as long and as arduously to master his chosen profession as Pittsburgh Phil, unless it be Chicago O'Brien.

The two men got into racing in practically the same manner, from humble beginnings as paid laborers. Phil, then known as George Smith, was making ten dollars a week as a cork-cutter in Pittsburgh when at the age of 19 he made his first wager in the poolroom of Harry Price located on what is now Diamond Street in Pittsburgh. He bought in a pool for \$50 and won \$38.

O'Brien, at the age of 37, was working as a bricklayer in Chicago earning 55 cents an hour when a foreman on the job gave him a tip on a race. He wagered \$2, at 15 to 1, and won more than he could earn in a week.

The Messrs. George Elsworth Smith and Thomas W. O'Brien inquired—"How long has

this been going on?" And thereafter devoted themselves solely to the business of betting.

One thing you must remember. It was and could be more of a business in those days than today. When betting against the human bookmakers, all kinds of angles and shenanigans made possible the organization of a real betting coup. Concealment of real betting intent, for instance, was an important feature of beating the books. Today, nothing can be concealed from the mechanism of the mutuels and tote boards.

I^N '92, Pittsburgh Phil, who by then was breeding, buying, training and racing his own horses, had a sleeper prepared named Parvenu. So carefully had the horse been brought along that when betting opened, odds of 30 to 1 against Parvenu were obtainable. Then Phil's commissioners went to work, using his clever psychology of avoiding small bets at top odds and shooting for more sizable bets at slightly lower prices, dropping in \$50 at 25-1, rather than risk a bookie rejecting \$20 at 30-1 and scaring the price down all along the line. As the bugle blew, Phil's money had battered the odds on Parvenu down to 12 to 1, but, on only bets he stood to win \$300,000.

Then, just as the horses were leaving the paddock came the blow. The stewards allowed a last minute protest that one of the programmed horses was not carrying enough weight, and it was announced that all bets were off and that 20 minutes would be allowed for a new book.

Pittsburgh Phil never turned a hair. He couldn't afford to show how hard he was hit. It was this kind of repression that eventually killed him. You can imagine the rest of the story. No more 30 and 25 to 1 against Parvenu when bets were relaid, 12 to 1 was the best Phil's men could do. Parvenu won as Phil knew he would. But instead of collecting \$300,000 on a deal that took months to work out, the take was \$50,000.

Pittsburgh Phil got his name in a Chicago pool room when he bought in a horse in a pool and gave his name George Smith to the auctioneer. "...so many Smiths," the auctioneer ruled, "where do you come from? Pittsburgh? Okay, from now on you're known as Pittsburgh Phil around here." In similar manner, Tom O'Brien's birthplace stuck to him. Since O'Brien was a fairly common name, he became known as Chicago O'Brien.

The oddest thing of all is that in a certain phase of their operations, the two men could not have been more different. Alike in their humble beginnings, their devotion to the game, and in their studious application to all its facets, and in their phenomenal success, they were completely dissimilar in system. For while Pittsburgh Phil played the long shots based on his intimate knowledge of performance, track conditions, rider, every factor that could play a part, and bet them on the nose to win, Chicago O'Brien made his fantastic pile by making huge wagers, as high as \$25,000 on the favorite to show, or come in third, at short odds, sometimes as low as 1 to 20.

It is said that in 1928, O'Brien's biggest single year, he divided \$6,000,000 in bets among three commissioners, averaging wagers of \$20,000 a day, with the year's profits amounting to \$150,000.

RACING GAMBLE



He Was First Bitten by the Betting Bug When, a Bricklayer at 55 Cents an Hour, He Risked \$2 on a Tip and Won More Than He Could Have Earned in a Week.

Now, \$150,000 is not a bad year's profit for any business until you consider the amount invested, even though most of it was not cash, but credit. Yet, wherever O'Brien sustained losses, the cash had to be put up. The risk was terrific, even granted that a highly placed favorite on form ought to be able to land at least in third place. There have been days at tracks, in fact whole meetings, where favorites have taken a beating.

It was such an unknown factor that both Pittsburgh Phil and Chicago O'Brien worked such long and arduous hours to eliminate. Both worked out systems of handicapping their own horses. Both spent endless time at the tracks, watching, studying, clocking, checking and re-checking. Neither would take tips from others. Each was scrupulously honest and was never involved in a fix or shady transaction, beyond the legitimate duel with the books to place bets at the best odds. Both acquired their own stables, trainers, horses and riders. It was Phil who smelled out the genius of Jockey Tod Sloan and gave him the chance to become one of the best riders of all time.

O'Brien would abandon his short odds system

when he felt he had a good thing. The most money he ever made on a bet was on his own horse, Forecaster, which won at Belmont, May 29, 1925. By placing his bets away from the tracks he cleaned up \$200,000 on a win wager at 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, plus \$2,000 on a 1 to 10 place bet, and \$1,250, for which he risked \$25,000 at 1 to 20, to show.

The average hit or miss horse player, Saturday player, or two dollar better, even, for that matter, the zealous student of form charts who nevertheless can be stampeded by tips, or hunches, or "inside" information at the track is as far from operators of the type of Pittsburgh Phil and Chicago O'Brien as the sidewalk necktie salesman is from the proprietor of a Fifth Ave. haberdashery.

No other horse players in the history of the American turf were able to roll up a bank balance of a million or more, and hang on to it. All others

lived up to the old maxim and died broke.

Pittsburgh Phil died a lonely bachelor. He never had time for anything but the horses. His mother bought him a marble mausoleum on which he stands—a stone statue holding a racing program in his hand. O'Brien's money went to his widow who died in 1935, in a 20-story fall.

Betting is a big business, all right. But it's a bad one. For if you have the brains, energy and courage of Pittsburgh Phil or Chicago O'Brien, you can make more money, with less danger to your blood pressure, doing something else.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

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leading in
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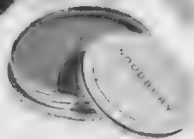
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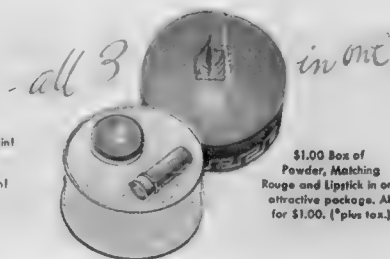
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PASSING OF THE MYSTIC "THEY"

By Gerald Duncan

THE mystical moving fingers of Marian Spore Bush are still. They will move no more across canvas or paper, fashioning fantastic figures—as she believed, beyond her control—in oil, water color or charcoal.

Mrs. Bush recently joined the old masters of long ago, who, she often said, guided her hands as she stood before her easel in her Park Avenue apartment in New York with brush and palette. Her bizarre career was ended at 53.

For posterity, Mrs. Bush left a strange collection of paintings which critics, somewhat puzzled after viewing her exhibitions, described as "primitive mystic" and "psychic sensitive"—occult creations like "Leopard Man" and "Thunder and Lightning" and grim war conceptions like "World Aflame" and "Famine" and "Sabotage" and "Menace of the Sea."

Mrs. Bush was not a spiritualist. But she did have a feeling that some mysterious "They"—the spirits of departed artists— Influenced her, for she never studied painting.

"After I get the canvas on the easel and paint in readiness," she once said, "They" move my hand up and down and onward across and sideways in all directions as if measuring out the perspective.

"Sometimes 'They' do this until my arm aches. Then, all at once, 'They' make a rudimentary sketch or perhaps 'They' begin to paint without any sketch or outline at all."

Mrs. Bush had a successful life behind her when she went—then unmarried—to New York in 1922. Born in Bay City, Mich., she obtained a degree in dentistry at the University of Michigan and had one of the largest practices as a dentist in her native area.

During the late '20s, when the depression plummeted thousands of men and women into headlines, she unobtrusively strolled into New York's Bowery, where, without publicity or assistance, she stood for five hours every afternoon, handing out meal tickets and providing clothing for the homeless, the jobless, the sick and the crippled. She spent as much as \$40,000 a year in that way before her charity was discovered.

It was that selfless generosity that attracted the interest of Irving T. Bush, New York financier and founder of the Bush Terminal Co. His second wife divorced him at Reno in 1930, and he and Miss Spore were married quietly in the West the same day.

Bush, an art connoisseur, quite frankly was bewildered by his wife's paintings.

"I don't understand them," he once said, "but I'm beginning to like some of the things in spite of myself."

The muse seized Mrs. Bush suddenly. The occasion was shortly after her arrival in New York. That was three years after the death of her mother, which left her in a depressed mood. Nothing seemed to interest her then, accounting for the abandonment of her dental practice for a change of scene.

One evening, as she told it, she picked up paper and pencil, intending to draw triangles or squares to divert

her brooding thoughts. What she drew wasn't what she had in mind. The pencil moved without effort on her part. When it came to a stop, she had a picture of a bird.

Amused, Mrs. Bush continued the pastime on subsequent nights. Something strange, something she wasn't thinking about always seemed to come out. She turned to oils and water colors. There were always fantastic results.

Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, secretary of the American Society for Psychic Research, after observing Mrs. Bush for a year, considered her "one of the great spirit mediums of America."



Without instruction in painting, Marian Spore Bush (left) created—under the influence of forces she believed beyond her control—such fantasies as "Leopard Man."



Among the Bizarre Works of Her Brush Was "Thunder and Lightning."

"Sometimes," he said, "her psychic powers appear to be only telepathy. Sometimes her revelations are not correct at all, sometimes a warping of the facts. Then again they will be absolutely accurate, establishing her

right to be called a psychic medium of most unusual gift."

Dr. Joseph Jastrow, a psychologist, believed that subconscious influences produced the paintings.

He pointed out that Robert Louis Stevenson attributed some of his stories to "sleepless brownies," that Saint-Saens merely "listened" for his musical inspirations, that Rembrandt's ideas for literary composition "rose into the field of consciousness like a flash of lightning."

Mrs. Bush considered such notions as so much nonsense. "There has been a lot of talk about me going into trances and putting

myself under the control of some spirit," she told an interviewer. "Why, I can talk or think or do anything else while I'm painting."

"The spiritualists tell me I'm a medium without knowing it and ask me to join with them in the services. I don't believe in any such thing. I haven't any superstitions. I don't believe in black cats or anything like that. Something just comes out."

Mrs. Bush was as mystified as the critics when she tried to explain her creations. Once she said:

"I call it dreaming on canvas, though the work is not born in a dream. I step up to the easel with no definite composition or subject in mind and it works itself out."

Spectators who looked at Mrs. Bush's paintings in New York and London were confused.

"You feel the faces, though you don't know what they might be if those figures turned around," one said.

In 1943, Mrs. Bush had another idea. "I think this painting thing is a hunch. Lots of people have hunches that turn out remarkably. Well, I think I've got a hunch, a long one, and all I hope is that it lasts and that I can go on painting. Or maybe it's inspiration. I believe in inspiration." Whatever it was, it worked.

An Old-Timer Tells of the Stirring Days When the White-Topped Prairie Schooners Spanned Half the Continent and of the Doughtless Americans, Men and Women, Who Faced Incredible Hardship and Danger for the Winning of the West

By Billy Dodson

(Pioneer Plainsman, Cowboy, and Trail Driver)

CHAPTER II

WE have been hearing a lot about heroes in recent days. Maybe it's just because the stuff they make heroes out of crops up when the sieging gets tough.

Anyway, it's an old American trait. We had plenty of heroes in the covered wagon days, too but they didn't get much glory then. Most of them lie forgotten in unmarked graves along the wind-whipped trails where they laid down their lives when the red-blooded Americans of that generation were putting a hobble on the wild west.

There was one of them in particular that I want to tell you about—"Little Charlie" Stanton.

They hung the nickname on him because he was a sort of scrub for size, not much over the feet but "Little Charlie" was a bigger man than most big footers when he was looking death in the eye. He was a New Yorker, broadest west just like a lot of other folks in those times. He was single and fancy free. Just a couple horses and himself.

After he struck out from Independence he fell in with the Donner party, a wagon train of emigrants that met about the worst fate in western history. The ones who got through to California out of the 87 men, women and children in the original outfit left a path of death, murder and cannibalism that makes your scalp crawl.

Stanton put his stick on the wrong card when he threw in with the Donners somewhere along the trail up the Sweet Water River through South Pass. And he thought he'd struck it just right. That was because there was a mighty good-looking girl in the outfit, Mary Graves, making the overland journey with her folks.

When the outfit pulled into Fort Bridger, the trading post Old Jim Bridger, the trapper and scout, ran for so many years in the southwest corner of Wyoming, George Donner, captain of the wagon train, heard about a short cut to California. It was a new route called the Hastings cutoff. It led through the Wasatch Mountains to the Great Salt Lake and on west from there.

"Old Jim" Iowa it's 300 miles shorter 'an 'er Fort Hall route," Donner told his crowd as they squatted around their campfire one night. "Reckon that saves bent a month's time when we're making tabs about ten miles a day."

Well, they took the new Hastings cutoff instead of the older, longer Fort Hall route. Their troubles weren't long in starting after that. That was late in July.

"Little Charlie," of course, stuck with the Donners and Mary Graves.

The first thing they found they couldn't get their wagons over the Hastings trail. Now, that's where the emigrants should have turned back, but they didn't. They plunged on into the mountains following another course pointed out by Hastings in a note pulled to a tree.

They started hacking trees and brush to cut a path for the wagons. Sometimes they hit places where they had to lower the vehicles down precipitous rocks.

"Little Charlie," with a couple others, volunteered to forge on ahead to do some scouting. The puing was so tough his horse gave out on him. He was about starved to death when he finally fought his way back to the wagon train, but he was able to point a way out.

At last the Donners eluded their trail out of the mountains to the Salt Lake Valley. They had spent 31 days. They had traveled about the same number of miles.

A mile a day. It was now the last of August. They had level going for a few days around the edge of Salt Lake. Hopes bucked up a little bit, but ahead of them was a scorching, waterless stretch of 75 miles. It sprouted nothing but mirages, those visions of tree-shaded, cooling pools, that lure you on in the desert country like a will o' the wisp. They are just like trying to catch up with the foot of the rainbow.

The water barrels soon were dry. Wagon spokes began working loose in the parched air. By the second day man and beast alike were just about crazy from thirst.

The loose cattle finally broke out of control. They set out in a dash which soon became a howling stampede across the desert, their swollen tongues lolling out of the poor beasts' mouths.



It Was Mary Graves' Pretty Face, Peeking Through Her Seaboard Over the Tall Gate of the Wagon That Persevered "Little Charlie" Stanton to Join the Ill-Fated Donner Party—and Meet His Death.

vinced they had seen the last of "Little Charlie."

It was getting well along into October. Nerves were beginning to snap. Jim Reed and John Snyder got into a scrap.

Snyder was stabbed to death during the fight.

There was talk of hanging Reed to a wagon tongue, but the emigrants finally settled it by banishing Reed from the train. So, he set out, leaving his family behind. He returned a hero, too, before the struggle was finally over.

A stranger named Wolfinger disappeared one night. They found out later that two of his companions murdered him for his money.

One morning after the train had reached the Truckee River some horsemen were spotted riding down the trail. In front was "Little Charlie," leading the relief party. He had been gone a little more than a month. He had traveled nearly 700 miles, with just two days out of the saddle.

The fresh supplies bucked up the emigrants' spirits a lot. A few days later the wagon train pulled up to the lake that has been known ever since as Donner Lake. Only the last steep climb over the pass lay between them and the settled valley. It looked like they were saved.

They would have made it, too, except that winter came early that year. A late October storm broke one night and the next morning the ground was covered with deep snow. Drifts were piling up and the oxen

Drought, starvation, and the bitterest winter in Western history beset the Donner wagon train. These who got through to California left a trail of death, murder and cannibalism.

were too weak to buck them with the wagons. The emigrants were as good as dead.

That winter at Donner Lake makes the grimmest page in western history that I know about. Crusaders were thrown up to ward off the cold. The wild game had gone to lower levels. The last of the scrawny stock was killed for food.

When that was gone the survivors began eating the bodies of their companions as they dropped from cold and starvation.

Several times groups set out to try to reach safety. In one of the first of these was "Little Charlie" Stanton, still about the greatest man in the entire outfit.

He made some clumsy snowshoes out of split ox bows, laced with leather thongs. Then with 14 others he set out on them, 13 men and two women. The women in the group were Mary Graves and an older sister.

They started early in December, but the snowshoes were heavy and they couldn't travel more than a few miles a day.

"Little Charlie" began lagging behind. The strain was beginning to tell on him.

Then snow blindness hit him.

For the next four days, despite his weariness and the fact that he no longer could see clearly, plucky little Stanton trailed along.

Fighting an almost irresistible urge to lie down—an urge that would have meant certain death if followed—"Little Charlie" managed to keep within earshot of the rest of the party as they struggled against all but overpowering obstacles along the snow-covered trail. But he was steadily growing weaker.

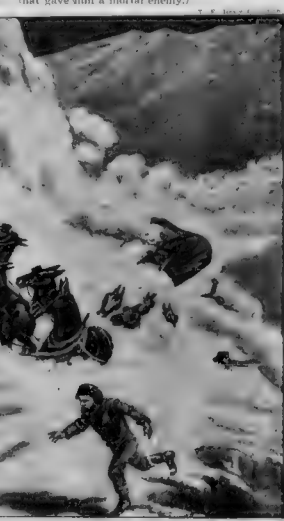
On the morning out he was sitting in the snow with his back against a tree when the others moved on. Mary Graves leaned over him.

"Are you coming now?" she asked. She probably didn't know how weak he was.

"Yes, go ahead, Mary," he said. "I'm coming."

Forty-seven members of the Donner party survived that terrible winter. Most of them owed their lives to the little hero who owed them nothing.

Next week Mr. Dodson tells you about a summer he spent with a western bad man and a killing that gave him a mortal enemy.



A lot of the wagons had to be a hand and a foot. The travelers struggled on foot.

Near the end of the third day a few of the strongest ones finally stumbled up to the springs at the foot of Pilot Peak. It was several days before the last ones straggled out, more dead than alive.

The whole train now was in terrible shape, worn out by the fight with the mountains and desert. Many wagons had been left behind. Much of the stock had died or starved.

Time was running out mightily fast. Many miles still lay ahead. Even so, the emigrants just had to rest up their arduous.

After a few days Captain Donner took stock of the provisions, then called the party together. "Food won't last much longer," he said. "Closest settlement's Cap Sutter's, over in the mountains. Reckon if somebody could get through an hurry back with fresh stores we might be able to hold out."

Well, those folks were so badly beaten by that time that Donner's words couldn't make them feel the first bite of autumn in the morning air. They knew the High Sierra ahead of them had to be crossed before winter snows closed the passes.

"It's a gamble," Donner went on. "Will anybody volunteer to tackle that trip?"

"Yes, I'll try it," Captain

to see who was so brave? They couldn't see him though, because it was Stanton, the smallest man of the whole bunch.

"I'll go, too," Big Bill McCutcheon, a husky six-footer, spoke up. Big Bill had a stake to play for, a wife and youngsters, a sort of bond to guarantee his return.

There was a bit of muttering when Stanton was picked to go with McCutcheon. "I'm agin sendin' him. Nobody knows any thing about him. If he gets out of this death trap that's th' last we'll ever see o' that young teller 'an I don't know I'd blame him."

BUT "Little Charlie" went.

The two men, one big and one little in size but both of them giants in courage, mounted their horses and struck out.

As they rode away, the hopes and prayers of some 50 stranded emigrants went with them.

And Mary Graves was standing at the edge of the crowd swaying her sunbonnet as they rode out.

"Yes, I'll try it," Captain

of sight over a hill. A few days later, the wagon train, too, started edging its way westward as fast as its crippled condition allowed.

Along the Humboldt and up the Truckee River Big Bill and "Little Charlie" were pounding leather, putting the miles behind them, riding from dawn to dark, sometimes with sauer, sometimes without any. It was a tough trip. I'll tell you, for both man and horse.

By the time they crossed the crest of the Sierra Big Bill was ailing. The hard pace was getting him. When they finally rode into Sutter's Big Bill was hardly able to hold himself in the saddle. He had to give up.

But two days later "Little Charlie" Stanton was in the saddle again, heading back up the trail with a pack outfit of supplies and two Indian guides.

"Little Charlie" had reached his destination. He was safe in a land of plenty. He didn't owe a cent to anybody in the Donner party, nothing except one thing that counted for a lot in those days: life back in the scales.

Those folks lumbering along the trail weren't much more than strangers to him. He hadn't known any of them more than a few weeks. That didn't matter and I reckon he wasn't just thinking about Mary Graves either. He knew all of them were banking on him for help.

It was just part of the code of the old west to stand by them, even though it meant putting his own life back in the scales.

Day after day the Donner train plodded along, making only a few miles, cutting their rations shorter and shorter, killing their live stock one by one for food, and wondering.

Yes, wondering whether McCutcheon got through and when he'd be back. Most of them were con-

Twelve Tons of Tusks, Long More Precious Than the Lives of Slaves, Have Reached London—the First Since 1939—and Soon There'll Be Plenty of New Piano Keys and Billiard Balls



IVORY MUST Get Through

A TRADE that was old 3,000 years before Christ was revived last December when 12 tons of ivory were received from Africa—the first since 1939—and sold in London.

The Pharaohs accepted ivory tribute from Ethiopia. Sheba gave Solomon carved plaques. Ancient Chinese powdered tusks for their medicines. Marco Polo used elephant teeth when trading for Khan.

Nowadays ivory is used to make piano keys, billiard balls, handle ware and objects of art.

Nearly all ivory in the European market comes from Africa. About 90 per cent of it is supposed to come from beasts that have died naturally. It is brittle and extra hard, showing signs of age. This gives credence to the legend that has long been heard of the elephants' dying place.

It is believed that elephants possess a sense that warns them of impending death. According to the legend, they leave the herd and commence the long trek to a secret place, far from the trails of men, where they die among the bones of their ancestors.

Actually you never see any dead animal in the African bush. Carnivorous beasts and ants remove the flesh, moss covers the larger bones and lush, tropical undergrowth masks all traces in a short time.

Among the hinterland tribes ivory is an important currency used in the buying of cattle and wives. Tusks are stored in the earth. After years of barter and burial they become blanch and brittle and are marked as dead ivory as compared with tusks of freshly killed beasts.

The larger herds in western and central Africa are hunted by the natives both for ivory and food.

Ten-foot pits with undercut sides are dug near the herds and covered with underbrush. The herd is stampeded and some of the beasts fall into the pits which are floored with bamboo stakes.

The beasts, pierced by the poisoned stakes, soon die. In the blood-thirsty days of Tipoo Tib, the notorious Arab slaver whose caravans raided the whole of Af-



Ivory Buys Wives, in Africa; Maybe These Chicago U. Coods Will Find It, Er.—Well, Why Shouldn't a Wife Share Her Husband's Fleir for Billiards?

and closely connected with Hitler's chemical research department. The tusks were going into plants that were making gas masks.

The manufacture of plastics has made inroads into the use of ivory in certain industries. The traditional uses, however, are not really affected.

Piano key makers insist that musicians prefer ivory because of its feel. Plastic has no life, they say. Some pianists will not touch a piano with plastic keys.

West African ivory, which is harder than that of East Africa, is preferred for billiard balls. Scrivellers, small tusks with short hollows, are measured and the number of blocks from which balls can be cut are calculated. The blocks are sawed off and rough balls turned out of them, leaving rings at each end of the block. The rings are exported to India as decorations for elephant trappings.

The rough ball, turned a little larger than its final dimensions, is seasoned for from one to two years. During this period it shrinks a little.

Championship billiard matches are played with 2 25/64-inch balls which have to be re-trued every four to six months. Constant polishing and turning causes them to lose weight and size. If they go below .24 inches they are used as practice balls.

Cheaper balls are made of plastic, but billiard players say that the kiss of an ivory ball is music while that of a plastic ball is an uninspiring click. Plastic balls retain weight and shape, but they are lighter and will not follow through like ivory.

Ivory buyers in the U. S. are looking forward to another large shipment of tusks. Most of them will be cut in London or Antwerp and will be sold over here as ball blocks, brush and mirror backs and the slim strips for piano keys.

Meanwhile, enterprising traders along the African coasts are sending their agents far into the hinterland to barter gunpowder, cotton cloth, brass rods and ordinary salt in exchange for ivory.



Sawed into Billots, Tusks Are Graded at London Docks.

rica, ivory was an important part of the slave trade.

Villages were attacked. Oldsters and children were killed. Able-bodied adults were shackled in pairs while the headman and witch doctor were tortured until they uncovered the tribal ivory.

The slaves, laden with tusks, were driven across the continent. If half of them reached the barracons of Zanzibar the slavers considered themselves lucky. The ivory got through.

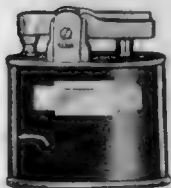
Just before the war a sinister use for ivory was discovered when it was learned that a well known German buyer was cornering all supplies. Competitors found out that the ivory was being purchased for the Nazi Government. In 1938 the Nazis had no funds for luxury commodities.

Inquiry showed that the ivory buyer was a colonel in the Nazi army

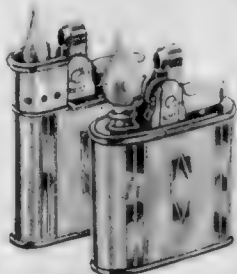
Illustrated by LEE CONREY

SMART TO (O)wn... SMART TO Give!

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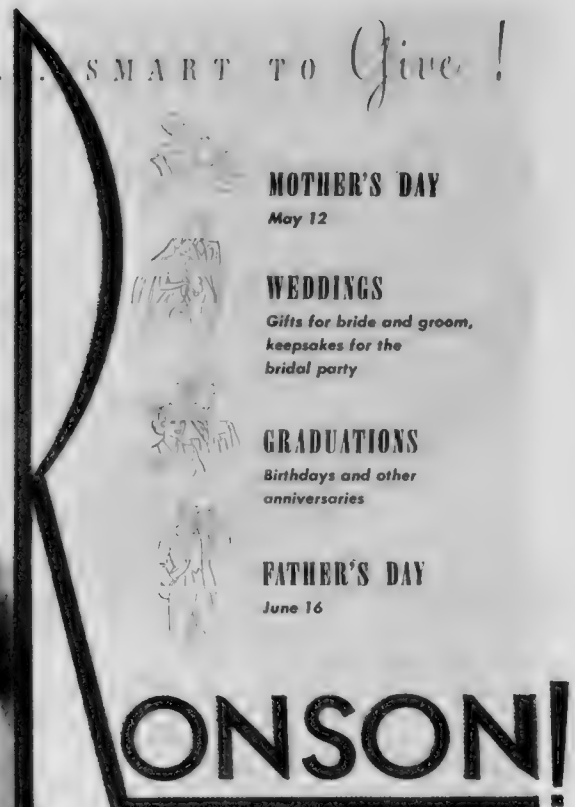


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MOTHER'S DAY

May 12

WEDDINGS

Gifts for bride and groom,
keepsakes for the
bridal party

GRADUATIONS

Birthdays and other
anniversaries

FATHER'S DAY

June 16

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RONSON

Newark, N. J. Toronto, Ont. London, Eng.



Native-Born
Beasts Are
Rapidly
Replacing
Jungle
Captives—
for Example,
Bebe, Chicago
Hippopotamus,
Has Just Given
Birth to Her
Sixth
Offspring.

IN THE hygienic atmosphere of modern menageries, selective breeding and scientific feeding are succeeding so well that most of our zoos may soon be all-American.

Second and third generations are well established because, among other considerations, the young are adapted to our climate by prenatal influence. That's true among lions, hippopotamuses, kangaroos, bears, antelopes, birds and even snakes.

Civilization, in the experience of zoologists, is superior to the jungle for beast as well as man, and contemporary inhabitants of zoos are bigger, better and longer lived than their ancestors that were captured in their native habitat. They're worth more, too, in dollars and cents.

Turned loose in the jungle with their fine city manners, the American-bred animals probably would find the going tough among their untamed cousins. Only the fittest survive where might makes right, and there are no conscientious keepers around at mealtimes. However, such a circumstance doesn't concern today's zoos because nobody contemplates re-

turning the captive specimens to the badlands.

Bebe, a 3,400-pound hippopotamus in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, is the most recent beast to demonstrate her happiness in cultured surroundings. She has just given birth to her sixth offspring.

No foreigner herself, Bebe was born at Memphis, Tenn., where her mate, Toto, came from. Her young, all born in the Chicago hippopotamus house, are now populating zoos at San Francisco, Milwaukee and New Orleans.

Bebe's parents had eight progeny. Even before that, an American line was founded years ago in New York's Central Park Zoo by Miss Murphy and Caliph, one of whose 40-year-old descendants is currently occupying quarters in the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx.

There are 25 hippopotamuses in the United States and nearly all of them are descended from one of three families captured in the mud of African watering holes, according to Robert Bean, director of the Brookfield Zoo.

Most of the lions in the United States were born in this country. Since World War I, not more than four or five have been brought here from jungle traps, Bean says.

Polar bears breed easily in this climate, and Milwaukee has an all-American family that goes back some 30

years, all springing from Silver King and Sultana.

Among some species man is a

better conservator than nature. That's true with Kodiak bears, native to the island of the same name off the coast of Alaska. The breed is almost extinct where it is indigenous, but at Brookfield one female produces two cubs every two years.

Zoologists have discovered, too, that it is possible to eliminate undesirable characteristics in some animals, such as the American mountain sheep. None ever lived long in cap-



Milwaukee's Lion Family—Lately increased by the Birth of Triplets to Queen—Is All-American, as Are Most Lion Families in the United States.



One of the Few Giant Eland Families in Captivity Is Owned by the Zoo at Fort Worth, Tex.

tivity because of infection of their tear ducts, which caused death.

Breeders at the San Diego, Calif., zoo began experimenting by crossing the American mountain sheep with the aouda, a wild product of the Eastern Hemisphere. The result was spectacular. The tear ducts were lost in the mating and with them the mortal infection.

Brookfield's most treasured animal possessions are two kinds of antelopes—the moose-like giant eland from equatorial Africa and the addax from the western Sahara Desert. Epidemic disease decimated the African herds and naturalists estimate there are now fewer than 500.

At Brookfield, there are 10 or 12, all the young of two pairs caught in Africa. The addax family, the only one in captivity, is in its third generation. Fort Worth, Tex., has one of the few eland families.

Snakes don't reproduce well out of their natural environment. Yet in that field there has been some suc-

cess. The zoo at Hershey, Pa., is proud of its three U. S.-born pythons.

Farsighted zoologists anticipate the day when all zoos in the country will be all-American, even preserving lines that are passing out of existence in their native lands.

The elephant presents one problem. Many have been born in the United States, but only two have been conceived here. Both were born to Alice in the Salt Lake City Zoo and died in infancy.

The principal reason for the meager breeding is the reluctance of most American zoos to keep bull elephants because of their vicious natures and the resultant difficulty in handling.

Another mating still to be accomplished in captivity is that of gorillas. Still another is of rhinoceroses, which have yet to found an American dynasty, although the world population has dwindled to an estimated 100. One hope is the rhinos of New York and Philadelphia.

Disillusioned Brides

NOT all the GI brides who have landed on our shores since V-J Day find the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave to their liking. Some of them were so disappointed and disillusioned that they have quit their Yankee husbands and gone back to mama.

It's hard to say who is to blame for this unhappy state of affairs. In some cases the boys, undoubtedly, oversold their native land. Compared to the devastated European areas, where many of them wooed and won their alien brides, home seemed Paradise and they painted word pictures of it that were out of focus with reality.

In other cases the girls were to blame. Hollywood movies and American magazines had led them to the erroneous conclusion that all Yanks live in country places, complete with swimming pool, or in modernistic penthouses.

Anyway many a war bride would have none of her new habitat and went back ashore she came from on the next possible boat. And before she shoved off for her homeland she told her husband plenty about solers who spin tall tales to soaten up a girl's heart.

An English girl, to cite an

example, is back with her father and mother after one look at her husband's "country club." When he was courting her, she said, he told her it was a showplace on Long Island, just outside of New York City. Thirty waiters served the well-to-do patrons of the resort and a 15-piece orchestra made music for them to dance to.

But when she saw this gathering place for café society, it was a diner in Brooklyn. The orchestra was a juke box and she and her husband were the entire serving staff.

More than 50 Australian war brides who quickly tired of America are back in the Land Down Under and, almost to a woman, they insist that their husbands pictured cold water tenements as luxurious apartments and tumble-down shacks as sprawling, solid farmhouses.

One of these Aussie girls—Mrs. Joan Balboni—told reporters in her native Sydney, "Everything moves too fast in America and the people are selfish." Even

less flattering to this country was Mrs. Margaret Macdonald, also of Australia. She had no squawk about her living quarters but her neighbors got on her nerves.

"The country is likable," she said, "but the people are dreadful—especially the women. They are always saying that we stole their men."

There are so many disillusioned brides in Britain

Many a War Bride, Believing That America Is a Paradise Full of Mansions, Has Found Her New Home a Disappointing Shock.



that the newspapers and magazines even publish cartoons kidding their plight. One English magazine recently ran a cartoon showing a shocked daughter of

Albion staring at a hillbilly shack. Her GI husband, still in uniform, is saying, "Why, honey, who ever told you that all Americans live in skyscrapers?"

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

There were difficulties during the war in supplying mothers with a complete variety of prepared baby foods. Happily, these days of scarcity are almost over. Today you will find your dealer's shelves plentifully supplied with the varieties you need.

Mrs. Dan Gerber



When baby looks like this...

It means food's on the way—and it better be good! Enjoy peace of mind like so many young mothers who, at doctor's suggestion, serve Gerber's Baby Foods. For Gerber's is made to taste *extra* good, with uniform, just-right texture always. The choice vegetables and fruits are carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked the Gerber way *by steam*... to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Every step is laboratory checked. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best Known Baby" on the label!

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Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at alternate feedings to give variety, and help baby's appetite. Both cereals are rich in added iron and B-complex vitamins needed by most babies over three months old. Serve by adding milk or formula, hot or cold. Remember, it is *always* wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 2 special Baby Cereals



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dramatic story of a fierce,
violent love with sinister
murder as its motive

"SUSPENSE"...vigorous screen
entertainment that starkly exposes
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brings shame and disaster to the men
who love her. "SUSPENSE." The
never-to-be-forgotten motion picture
whose every thrill-packed moment is
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suspense.



"SUSPENSE" A thrilling motion picture that dares probe
the dark corners of a woman's heart.



The evil secret of Joe Morgan's past pales in comparison to
the crime he commits for her . . .



She can't escape from the evil destiny that makes her life a
haunting nightmare of fear.



"Get away from her, Joey! Clear away! I'm warning you!
If you don't . . . you'll never live to own her!"

SUSPENSE



"SUSPENSE" A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION starring BELITA • BARRY SULLIVAN • BONITA GRANVILLE
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THE AMERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA

Spare me, please,
but kill the fleas



Use the NEW SKIP-FLEA POWDER with DDT

Yep, Boss, here's one flea powder with DDT that doesn't make me itch and scratch. It's a new formula with a combination of ingredients that annihilates any flea... without stinging them up. Like all Sergeant products, Boss, it's been tested plenty... on dogs, and in important clinical laboratories. It's safe... it's sure... it's fast... it's Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA... let's get some now at any drug or pet store... along with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap.

Sergeant's

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To quickly relieve corns, sore toes, callouses, tender spots, bunions, hammer toes, chafed heels—use this new, gentle type, flesh color medicine—Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. Prevents blisters. Stays on bath. Economical! At Drug Store, Department and 10¢ Stores.

Dr. Scholl's
KUROTEX

May 5, 1946

Nameless Shrine

Once a Year a
Train Stops by
the Lonely Grave
While the
Railroaders Pay
Tribute to an
Unknown Boy.



NEXT Memorial Day—as it has done every year for half a century—Train No. 106 of the Chicago & North Western Railway will stop on the open prairie two miles outside the little South Dakota town of Elrod. Conductor, engineer, fireman and others of the crew will march across the clendry right of way to a little mound in the edge of a field, marked by a plain stone cross.

Wondering passengers can see Conductor V. J. Ford and his trainmen lay flowers on the grave and stand, with bared heads, in prayer.

You might think they were paying tribute to an old-time engineer who piloted 106 in years long past, or that Casey Jones or some other hero of the rails lies there.

THAT isn't the case. The one resting beside the tracks never worked for the railroad. Even his name is unknown to the hardy trainmen who keep his memory green. He was a little boy who loved the railroad—and who died tragically young. It was 33 years ago—in 1888—that the boy, then 10, with light, wind-blown hair, moved with his parents into a tar-paper shack that stood just back of the present shrine.

His father was a railway construction worker, but the boy had little interest in the prosaic job of laying rails and grading. His heart was with the trainmen—and his special hero was Brake-man Bill Chambers.

Whenever Bill's train

putted to a halt with a new load of materials, the boy would be on hand, watching Bill uncouple and signal, and asking eager questions. Bill, while eating lunch on the embankment, would spin yarns about railroad ing.

WHEN Bill's train no longer stopped near there, the boy always ran out to wave when he passed through. And Bill for more than a year waved back.

One day the blond youngster was missing. Bill looked vainly for him next day, and the next. After a week he got the engineer to stop.

No boy came to meet him. The shack was deserted. And as Bill headed back to the train he came upon a small mound of fresh earth, at the point where the boy always stood to wave.

In the nearest town he learned that the boy had died and that his grieving parents had moved away. But first the father had fulfilled the boy's last request: "Please, Daddy, bury me out there where the man waves at me."

ITS been 56 years now since the boy who loved railroaders died. Bill Chambers became conductor of No. 106 and every Memorial Day he stopped his train by the grave to leave flowers. Bill died in 1939 and his son-in-law, Mr. Ford, took over both jobs.

The boy, had he lived, would be 68 years old and the friends who keep his memory green are sure that he would have been a hard-working railroad man.

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AND TELL?

ONLY THAT STAR
SHAVES KEEP ME
SMOOTHER!



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Three Victims of an Ax Murder in a Sailing Vessel Far Out on the North Atlantic. Nine Survivors, All but One Menaced by the Same Fate— For That One Is the Killer. But Which Is He?

By Peter Levins

MOST of us, at one time or another, have imagined ourselves alone in a dark house with an invisible murderer, and we have thought what we might do in the circumstances. But what if there is no possible way to attack, no way of escape?

Imagine yourself on a sailing vessel, many miles at sea. You are one of nine survivors of a triple murder. One other of the nine is the killer, but you do not know which one.

What would you do?

That was the situation which confronted the people on the barkentine *Herbert Fuller*, scene of this country's most blood-chilling maritime mystery, enacted 50 years ago far off the New England coast.

The three-masted *Fuller* left Boston for Rosario, Argentina, on July 3, 1895, with a cargo of lumber, a crew of 10, a woman, and a passenger. The woman was Mrs. Laura Nash, 40, wife of the skipper, Capt. Charles I. Nash, 42; the passenger was Lester Hawthorne Monks, 20, a Harvard student who hoped the sea voyage would remedy his bronchial trouble.

Only one of Nash's underlings, Jonathan Spencer, the young steward, had been known to him before the vessel sailed. All the others were strangers to him and to one another.

The first mate was Thomas Mead Bram, 33, of English and Dutch ancestry. The second mate was August W. Bromberg, a Russian-Finn.

In the port watch were Francis Loheac, a Frenchman said to have deserted from the French navy; Hendrik Perdock, a young Hollander; and Charley Brown, a Swede whose real name was Justus Westerberg. The starboard watch consisted of Henry J. Silce, a German; Folke Wassen and Oscar Anderson, Swedes.

Monks occupied one of the three rooms opening from the cabin, or after house; the other rooms were occupied by Captain and Mrs. Nash.

BECAUSE of fog, the *Fuller* had to lay up for five days in Nantasket Roads. She put to sea on the 8th, and nothing unusual happened for the next several days, although survivors later recalled certain incidental encounters and remarks to which they attached significance.

On Monday, July 13, the ship was coursing along southward, some 750 miles from Boston.

Captain Nash appeared on deck at about 9, spoke briefly with Bromberg, then went below. Monks, meanwhile, had retired shortly after 8.

He was awakened at 2 a. m. by the scream of a woman. On top of that, he heard a gurgling sound that seemed to come from the chart room.

Monks sprang up, shouting, "Captain! Nash!"

No one answered.

Monks took a revolver from under his pillow, loaded it, unlocked his door, and stepped out into the chart room. Immediately he saw Captain Nash sprawled on the floor beside his cot.

"Captain!" No answer.

Only that gurgling.

Monks went to call Mrs. Nash, whose door, leading from the forward cabin, stood open. He saw blood on the bed clothing. Then he went up on deck, where he saw Mate Bram.

"Mr. Bram, come below!" he called, gripping his revolver. "The captain has been murdered!"

They went below. That gurgling sound had not yet ceased. They went back up on deck to await the dawn.

As soon as it was light, they woke up Spencer, the steward, and the three of them went below. They saw that the captain was dead, then Spencer looked into Second Mate Bromberg's room, the door of which was open. Bromberg was also dead.

He lay in his bunk, feet crossed, his head battered in, apparently with an ax.

BACK on deck, Bram suddenly shouted, "There is the ax! There is the ax that did it!"

The ax lay half-hidden under a lashing plank. The head and handle were stained with blood.

"Shall I throw it overboard?" Bram asked.

"Perhaps you'd better," said Monks, "else the crew might use it against us."

Bram tossed the ax into the sea.

The trio went forward and called the rest of the crew. All proceeded into the cabin. They viewed the bodies of Nash and Bromberg, then looked into Mrs. Nash's room.

Mrs. Nash was also dead.

The bones of her skull were broken in front

Just Before Four Bells the Man at the Wheel Heard a Noise. He Had Looked Through the Window of the After House, Had Seen Someone Swing an Ax. Then Mrs. Nash Screamed. Later the Assault Came Up on Deck.



Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY

May 5, 1946



in the After House

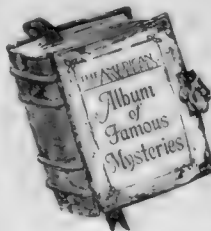
"For the murders."
The prisoner was manacled and secured near the mainmast. Brown remained in irons.

After being fog-bound for a day or so, the Fuller entered Halifax harbor on Tuesday, the 21st, and soon boat and crew were back in Boston. All were exhausted, since none had dared to sleep.

After hearing the various stories of events before, during and after the murders, a grand jury indicted Bram and exonerated Brown. In deed, Brown became the star witness for the prosecution at the trial which opened Dec. 14.

"I am positive," Brown stated repeatedly during his testimony. He said he saw the defendant go below, saw the captain's cot upset, saw the lower half of a man's body on the floor, saw Bram standing over the body striking at it.

Other crew members swore that Bram had quarreled with Bromberg, uttered complaints about Captain Nash, made obscene remarks about Mrs. Nash and ridiculed Lester Monks. Seward Spencer said that he had heard Bram snarl at Bromberg. "That sarcastic talk of yours is the only thing I will kill a man for!"



The defense attempted to fasten the murders on Brown, but navigators testified that he could not have left the wheel long enough to perpetrate the slaughter.

On Jan. 2, 1897, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Bram was sentenced to be hanged. This verdict was set aside and a second trial began on March 16, 1898. This time the jury's finding was, "Guilty, without capital punishment." The sentence: life imprisonment.

At neither trial could the prosecution prove a convincing motive.

Bram left Atlanta on parole in 1913, and won a full pardon on April 22, 1919. Eventually he bought his own ship, the four-masted schooner *Alvina*, which he commanded on numerous coastwise voyages.

Meanwhile, the Herbert Fuller itself had died a hero's death, having been sunk by a German torpedo in April, 1917.

The Herbert Fuller case was used by Mary Roberts Rinehart as the basis of her thriller, "The After House." In her autobiography, "My Story," published by Farrar and Rinehart, she gives the following postscript:

"One day, resting at the country club after a golf game, a member of the Pittsburgh Press told me the famous story of the murders on the Herbert Fuller, and later on he got for me the testimony in the case. From that I wrote the book. As the case had been a famous one, the interest in the book was very great, and in the end it resulted indirectly in reopening of the matter. The mate, one Bram, who had been in prison at Atlanta for 17 years, was soon after released.

"On his release he at once wrote me a letter in which he said: 'Permit me to say to you, in the presence of Almighty God, that I never committed the crime for which I have unjustly suffered.'

"I never believed that he had, and by that time I was in possession of information which he did not have. The other suspect, a Scandinavian nicknamed Charley by the crew, had some years after the murders been taken with a sudden attack of homicidal mania in a hospital in Stockholm, and had tried to kill his nurse. It was Charley whom I had found guilty in the book."

Scotland Yard tracks down an elusive killer in next week's account of a fatal fire which came to a sudden and fantastic climax.

and back, her jaws were smashed, and her arms and hands bore many wounds.

Bram, now in charge of the ship, suggested that the bodies be dropped overboard.

"We can't do that," Slice declared. "We've got to take them in as evidence."

"That's right," said Monks.

A box of Monks' cigars was passed around.

Bram hopefully expressed the view that the victims had somehow killed each other.

The bodies were sewn in sheets and placed in the jolly boat amidships. The burial service was read while all—including the killer—stood with bowed heads.

THEY agreed to abandon the voyage to Argentina and head, instead, for Halifax. Bram appointed Charley Brown and Frank Loheac as first and second mates. For safety sake, the handles were cut off the tools in the carpenter shop, and the shop itself was nailed up.

During that first jittery day, Brown threw overboard a pair of overalls which had become bloodstained while he sewed up the bodies. The next night Monks reported to Bram that he'd heard that Brown had changed his clothes the night of the massacre. On Thursday, the 16th, Brown was seized and put in irons.

Brown admitted that he had changed his clothes on the fatal night, but his purpose had been entirely innocent: he had felt cold.

The Herbert Fuller sailed on. At about noon, Sunday, the 19th, Oscar Anderson sought out Monks and informed him that some of the crew had just heard Brown, still in irons, declare that he had witnessed the murder of Captain Nash. Brown told Monks he had been at the wheel, just before 2 a.m. when he heard a noise in the chart room. He had looked through the window in the after house, and had seen someone swinging an ax. A few moments later he had heard Mrs. Nash scream. Then he had seen the assailant come up on deck.

"Who was he?" Monks asked.

"Bram."

Brown explained he feared to say anything. Was Brown telling the truth? Nobody could say. But to be on the safe side, it was decided to put the new skipper in irons. Accordingly Spencer crept up behind Bram as he sat by the after house and pinioned his arms.

"What is this for?" Bram asked.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Mrs. Nash Had Been Going to Sea With Her Husband, the Skipper, for Many Years.

Automatic heating for your (home!)

Wonderful new work-free,
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1. This is you enjoying a marvelous new automatic Gas heating system... the one sure way to take the work and worry out of winter! It even fills the house with warmth before you get out of bed... thanks to its clock-controlled thermostat!



2. This is how your house looks outside... on the day the weatherman says "Blizzards followed by zero temperature."



3. This is how your house feels inside... on the same day. Soft heated air—balmy as the tropics—fills every nook and cranny.



4. This is how pleased you'll be at how your light, bright drapes look after a winter of Gas heating. Gas fuel is really clean!



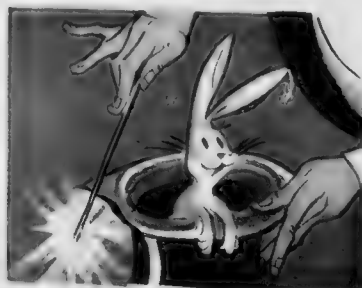
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8. This is how easy it is to transform many types of old furnaces into the most efficient of modern heating systems—run by Gas!

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Home Brighteners
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MAKERS OF KEM-TONE

Lost for 23 Years



A Chance Remark Finally Led the Wounded Veteran to the Mother He Hadn't Seen Since He Was Nine Years Old.

WHEN shrapnel shattered the leg of Ernest Revell, an English infantryman, in Italy, army doctors shook their heads gloomily. "Looks tough, soldier," said one medic. "This may bother you for years." Revell found the prediction was true, but he'll tell you the wound was the luckiest injury a man ever had. It led to something he'd been seeking most of his life—a reunion with his mother from whom he'd been separated for 23 years.

Revell was a boy of nine when his father died and his mother, unable to keep their home going, took a job as servant with a titled family in the north of England. A friend adopted Ernest.

The boy cried out to his mother from the arms of his new guardian: "Some day I'll get rich and make a home for us!" Riches never came; instead, Ernest's chances of rejoining his mother became more remote. His guardian was offered a government post in far-off New Zealand and he took Ernest with him. He tried to locate Mrs. Revell but the mother had changed jobs and her forwarding address was lost.

Ernest spent 10 years in New Zealand. When his benefactor died in 1936, he sailed for England and began an intensive search for Mrs. Revell. He followed every possible clue, spent \$700 on newspaper adver-

tisements and checked death registers. No luck.

War came and Ernest fought in the Middle East and in Italy. Invalided home, he was discharged but, as the surgeons warned, he had to go back for treatment occasionally.

He was in a hospital near Chelmsford chatting with a nurse's aide when he got around to his favorite subject, his search for his mother.

The listener became excited when Ernest mentioned Mrs. Revell's name, Rosa May.

"I may be able to help you," she said.

Next day the nurse's aide came back and told the veteran how to get to a little one-room house in the nearby village of Shoreham. "Just inquire for Mrs. Harper," she said.

That afternoon Ernest limped up to the door of that house and knocked. A short, plump, gray-haired woman opened the door. Before she could ask the stranger's name, he had whispered "Mom!" and had her in his arms.

The reunion lasted far into the night with Mr. Harper, Ernest's aged stepfather, smiling happily while his wife and long-lost son filled in the details of 23 long years.

Ernest has found a job where he can visit his mother every week end.

"I'm going to make very sure," he said, "that I never lose her again."

TAKES NO SUGAR! ONLY DROMEDARY MIX Gives You WASHINGTON'S MOTHER'S LUSCIOUS HOT GINGERBREAD

Dromedary Gingerbread Mix

JUST ADD WATER!

So fluffy, tender... easy!

World's easiest... and richest... gingerbread! Made with the choicest, finest quality ingredients... precise mix! Perfect every time! Enjoy it tonight!

Actually costs less than making at home



"Eet was no good's day for Tony when they invent'da Wheaties!"

Hey Tony! You better discover da Wheaties. You've got the fruit. Add milk—and what a dish! Solid nourishment in crisp-toasted, nut-sweet Wheaties. I'm "second helping" flavor. A flavor that makes Wheaties America's favorite whole wheat flakes. Try 'em, and see!

NOW YOU NEED NO LONGER ENDURE Gray Hair

For a Hollywood Scientist Has Found an Easy Way to Overcome This Handicap.



Don't worry if your hair is turning gray, or looks dry, dull and faded. Do like men and women from one end of the nation to the other are doing. Get HERBOLD POMADE from your Dealer and use as directed. Read the Guarantee below.

WHEN YOUR HAIR is streaked with gray, faded, unsightly-looking, you may be handicapped in many ways. Try HERBOLD POMADE and see what it can do. Once each day take a little of this clean, fragrant substance on your finger tips and massage it into your hair. This simple process adds deep, rich, youthful-looking color to faded, gray-streaked hair, yet works so gradually, from day to day, that usually not even close friends and associates will know!

IN FACT, it largely appears that you are simply using an excellent daily hair dressing, because HERBOLD POMADE conditions and grooms the hair and helps keep it in good form, while adding youthful-looking color at the same time. It will not rub off or stain clothing or pillow, and is easy to use. Takes less than a minute to apply, while you are freshening-up for the day.

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BELIEVE. Although other methods you may have tried sounded easy but were hard to use, HERBOLD POMADE is really easier to use than these simple statements may lead you to expect.



UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Get HERBOLD POMADE at drug and department stores. Use exactly as directed. If for any reason after you have used the entire contents, you are not completely satisfied, return the empty jar to address below and your total purchase price will be refunded. Should your favorite store be unable to supply you promptly, send direct to Laboratory. Enclose \$1.00 for the Pomade plus 25c tax and postage (total \$1.25).

Herbold Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 22, 7212 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood 46, California

Never neglect a tiny blister

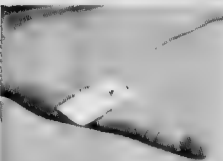


Any tiny blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

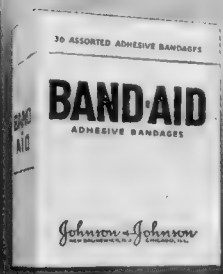
Cleanse the blister properly. Then put on a BAND-AID—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.



The quick, easy way to bandage a thumb blister



Shoes Pinch?



Ease 'em Up With Allen's Foot-Ease Sprinkle this newly-improved foot-powder on feet—in shoes, and step out with new pep. 25c-35c-50c. At all druggists or send for FREE sample. Write Allen's Foot-Ease, Suite 45, P. O. Box 156, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Romance on the Wing

THE air age has brought many wonders in its prop-wash. Not the least of them is how a dashing young Dutchman, flying over the Irish town of Kilkee, lost his heart the other day to a pretty colleen whose face he couldn't even

See. This odd case of love-before-first-sight came about when bad weather at sea forced the big airliner of Capt. Dick Bergman off its usual course and sent the big ship roaring up the picturesque coastline of Western Eire. This maneuver brought the flying Dutchman out of the clouds and into bright sunshine. Below lay the broad Shannon, and just ahead was a picturesque town, nestling by the sea.

Bergman's plane dipped down suddenly and swung around in a broad circle.

"What's wrong?" yelled the co-pilot.

"Nothing's wrong," shouted back Bergman. "I'm looking that town over. It's just right—perfect. It's prettier even than our Netherlands towns. See those girls down there? I'll bet they're as lovely as the town. I'd like to marry one of them and live there the rest of my life."

"Well, the place is Kilkee," said the co-pilot. "Grab yourself a parachute and drop out. I'll send a wedding present later."

Bergman didn't jump, literally. But a few days later the Mayor of Kilkee received a letter the likes of which His Honor never had seen before.

It was from Bergman and it informed him that Kil-

kee was the prettiest place on earth, which His Honor knew, and that the flier was so much in love with Kilkee that he wanted to marry one of its daughters, if the Mayor would kindly find him one "as lovely, unspoiled and natural as the town."

"Why, the nerve of the spalpeen!" His Honor gasped. Then he began chuckling. "This Dutchman must be a broth of a lad," he said. "If he has that keen an eye for the beauties and virtues of Kilkee, sure and he might make a fine husband for one of our lassies. I'll just pass his letter on to the press."

The story made quite a stir throughout County Clare. Some who read it thought the girls would receive a proposal in such terms.

But they didn't reckon sufficiently on the adventurous spirit of the Irish colleen. The idea of being a Dutch bride apparently appealed to the imagination of nearly all Kilkee's misses, for His Honor was soon swamped with photographs and letters from dozens of girls who suggested modestly that they might be just what the romantic pilot expected of Kilkee.

Some of the girls proposed that the Mayor himself select the likeliest candidate, but the Mayor was too smart a politician to put himself out on a limb. He sent off every one of the pictures and letters to Captain Bergman.

At last report, all Kilkee was waiting eagerly to learn the flier's choice.

Delinquent Dunces

IF IT was still the custom to put dunce caps on the heads of Scottish schoolboys, four 12-year-old Glasgow lads—or their parents—would be wearing the symbols of stupidity.

The other day when a police sergeant and a constable were talking to a class of grammar school boys about juvenile delinquency, four of the boys sneaked away from the lecture to rifle the overcoat

pockets of the keepers of law and order.

The youngsters were rounded up and taken before a judge. When he found that they had been in court before for petty thievery, he put them on probation and fined their fathers \$10 each for bringing up their sons in such a wayward and anti-social manner. And he promised heavier fines if the youngsters got into trouble again.



"Doesn't It Give You a Nice Warm Feeling Inside to Know That Someone Wants You?"

31 May 5, 1946 THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Dry Clean a Dress?

Just Dip and Rinse!

Costs only a few pennies!

You get perfect results!

• Frilly frocks, dainty party gowns, everyday dresses—dry clean them at home with complete success! Renuzit is safe for fine fabrics and fast colors—safe for use in your home! Removes spots in a jiffy! Be smart—look smart—keep your "pretties" prettier 'n ever the thrifty way—dry clean them with Renuzit!



CAN YOU DRESS LIKE THIS?
OR IS IT IMPOSSIBLE
BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

SIROIL has been an inestimable boon to many people who had hesitated to dress becomingly because of embarrassing psoriasis lesions. Perhaps SIROIL can help YOU as it has helped in thousands of other cases. SIROIL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are excreted in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally SIROIL does not ruin clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL
FOR SALE AT ALL
DRUG STORES

Write today for instant booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Send Laboratories, Inc., Dept. AW-4, Detroit 28, Mich.
Sirol of Canada, Ltd., Box 485, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

A FEW DROPS...KEEP YOU

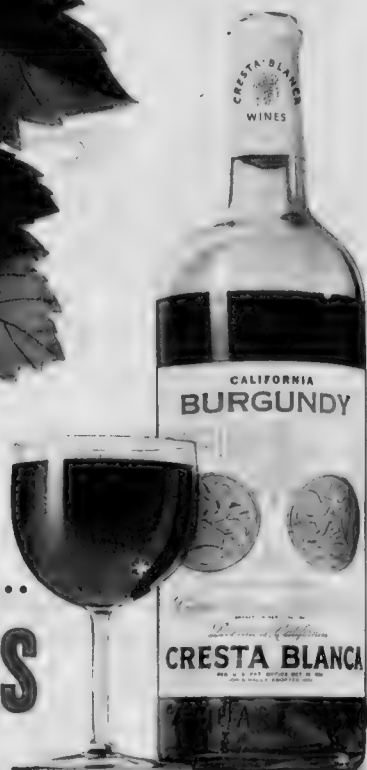


Concentrated to last longer...originated by a dentist and used by dentists and physicians the world over.
Frederick Stearns & Co., Division Detroit 31, Michigan



What Makes One Wine Better than Another?

The answer is the grapes...but it isn't as simple as it looks. Because the best wine grapes come only from a few prized vines—and these precious vines thrive only in certain regions whose combination of soil and climate is just right. In such Nature-blessed, California valleys you will find Cresta Blanca's World-famous wineries...for Cresta Blanca Wine comes only from the finest of the vines. No expense is spared to give Cresta Blanca this right beginning. This is what gives Cresta Blanca Wine its unique quality...quality well worth the little more you pay.



From the finest of the vines...
CRESTA BLANCA WINES

LISTEN TO
 "THIS IS MY BEST"
 ON CBS EVERY
 TUESDAY NIGHT



The Crest of Quality Wine since 1889 CRESTA BLANCA CALIFORNIA WINES
 Red Table Wines: Claret • Burgundy • White Table Wines: Sauterne (Dry) • Chateau Cresta Blanca Sauterne (Sweet) • Haut Sauterne (Medium Dry) • Chablis • Riesling • Dessert Wines: Port • Muscatel • Sherry (Medium Dry) • Palomino Sherry (Pale Dry) • Sparkling Wines: Champagne • Sparkling Burgundy • Copyright 1946, Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Livermore, California.

He's BEING MARRIED TODAY!



Think this is his first birthday? I married in a cradle with NUAGE Soap! My marriage lasted 25 years. I never knew what it was to be a married man until I met NUAGE. Fortune in memories.

Only 10c for 100 corners in your choice of 10 colors. At 5c & 10c and other stores.

ACE ART CO., SEABOARD, MASS.



NUAGE



Waldoof

Trade Mark "Waldoof" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Millions prefer its Soft strength

Blue-Jay with Nupercaine Gives **GREAT**

CORN RELIEF!



WORKS 3 WAYS

1. ANESTHETIC Nupercaine, exclusive with Blue-Jay, soon cures surface pain (inflamed area around top of corn) as NO OTHER corn plaster does.
2. INSTANTLY stops pain caused by shoe pressure, thanks to soft Dure-felt pad.
3. GENTLE medication loosens corn's hard "core"—you enjoy life it out in a few days.

Have Happy Feet with Blue-Jay!

Two sizes, **Standard** and **Little Toe**. Also special **Blue-Jay Soft Corn Pads**. All contain the miracle pain queller, **Nupercaine**.

For **GREAT** relief, insist on **Blue-Jay**, America's largest selling corn plaster! At drug and toilet goods counters.

Product of **BAUM & BLACK**

BLUE JAY

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

NO MORE

Discomfort of

• RICK HEADACHE • ACID INDIGESTION • CONSTIPATION

due to ordinary sluggishness



Be Bright! Feel Right! TAKE ENO

Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, sour because of acid indigestion or late hours—quick! Take sparkling Eno! You'll promptly neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight!—Next morning, take Eno as a speedy, gentle laxative just before breakfast. Caution: Use only as directed. Buy at your druggist's today—see why millions prefer Eno!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTACID—relieves sour, milky and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary constipation, bloatedness, take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTE GOOD!



RAW CHAFED SKIN

A Message to Women

Count on soothing Resinol for amazing relief from such periodic torment. Medicated for quick, gentle action and long-lasting comfort.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

The Fountain of Youth

AVERAGE men and women may some day live to the 100 year mark and like it! It's a promise which scientists hold out because they have found what may turn out to be a magic clue to the cause of premature aging.

This clue was discovered during researches on the reasons why people get tired physically and mentally.

Certain chemicals, it has



injections of Chemicals That Fight Fatigue May Be the Clue to Longer and More Useful Life.

been demonstrated, sharply increase the ability to carry on sustained work—cut down exhaustion, in other words. Which is another way of saying that the aging process is slowed down.

The story of these chemicals, which may become a sort of scientific fountain of youth, is told in next week's issue of this magazine.

NOT all the most baffling crime stories are the work of clever fictioneers. Many of them really happened and have been reconstructed from court records and police files. Such a case is "Fire! Murder!"

This exciting—and factual—story, written by Peter Levins, is in next week's magazine and it's one of the best of the series we call **The American Weekly's Album of Famous Mysteries**. It's a strange and hair-raising tale. Don't miss it.

ROAMING the roads of France is a woman who is a reincarnation of the tempestuous and tragic heroine of the opera "Carmen." She is a great-granddaughter of the gypsy woman who was the real-life model for the fiery and fictional Spanish girl who loved neither wisely nor well.

The dramatic story of this flesh-and-blood Carmen is one of the features of next week's magazine.

BACK in the Twelfth Century a gifted but unknown writer wrote the romance of a young warrior named Aucassin and a beautiful maid named Nicolette. Many scholars think it is one of the great love stories of the ages.

The eminent writer, John Erskine, and the famous artist, Willy Pogany, have combined their talents to retell this old classic in words and pictures on the covers of **The American Weekly**. The first of these covers—a series of seven—will appear next week.

HOW QUICK—



and Easy!

Real toilet bowl cleanliness is easy when Sani-Flush does the work. A clean toilet bowl has no odor. Sani-Flush cleans away discolorations and germ-laden, invisible film. Its chemical, disinfecting action saves messy scrubbing—ensures a clean, fresh toilet bowl. Millions like Sani-Flush because it's quick, easy, sanitary.

Sani-Flush is safe in septic tanks—effective in hard and soft water.

Sold everywhere—two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

USE IT REGULARLY



...A drop of oil

May Be All It Needs!

Add new life to your household appliances with **3-IN-ONE** oil.

Frequent oiling makes housework that much easier, too!

Good for: Sewing machines, locks, motors, washers, stoves, refrigerators. Sold everywhere.



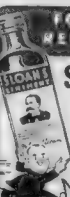
3-IN-ONE OIL

MONDAY SICKNESS

"Pepto-Bismol is good for that"

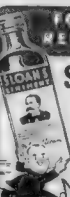
"Monday Morning Stomach" often follows week-ends of excessive eating and drinking, and insufficient sleep. If you suffer from "Blue Monday" get in the pink with soothing, pleasant tasting **PEPTO-BISMOL**. Ask your druggist for **PEPTO-BISMOL** when your stomach is upset.

A NORWICH PRODUCT



FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM STIFF JOINTS BRUISES

- Muscular Aches and Pains
- Strains
- Sprains



What you NEED is SLOAN'S LINIMENT

"Why—you're a changed man!"



15

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

RUINING YOUR LIFE—YOUR CAREER—YOUR HAPPINESS?

If you are one of those unfortunate whom alcohol is depriving of health and opportunity, remember this: **Dr. McGarratt's System** is a disease and as such is subject to control. The McGarratt System functions on this basis. Its pure vegetable liquids—almost tasteless and odorless—destroy totally the taste or craving for alcohol and free you from all need or desire for this stimulant. In fact they create an antipathy to it. The nervous, digestive and circulatory systems are naturally benefited. No hospitalization of any kind is needed. This is strictly a

HOME SYSTEM

It does not interfere in any way with daily business or social routine. Effects are noticeable within a few days. While it is eliminating the alcohol from the system it is supplying a substitute which is temporarily needed, but this substitute is a purely vegetable and is non-narcotic. Therefore, no withdrawal symptoms are experienced without any inconvenience. With the craving for alcohol gone, no will power is required for continuous abstinence from drink. The cost is very moderate and the financial savings effected. Write for literature.

IMPORTANT—Dr. McGarratt's System has a 40-year record of accomplishment. It is sold with the distinct understanding that at the end of the prescribed period results are not entirely satisfactory its purchase price will be promptly refunded.

McGARRATT SUPPLY CO., 1011 Woodward Ave., Dept. AW-4, DETROIT 26, MICHIGAN

Without obligation, send me your booklet on the McGarratt System in a plain envelope.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IF JUMPY NERVES KEEP ME AWAKE WHEN I NEED REST INSTEAD I TAKE A GLASS OF MILES NERVINE BEFORE I GO TO BED.



DON'T try to force sleep. This often makes your nerves even more tense. Instead, try

MILES NERVINE

(Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)

Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relax nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now and have it on hand when you need it. Buy it at your drug store or use our money-back guarantee. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c; Liquid, 75c and \$1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Miles NERVINE

The Tips From Poultry Experts—Page 38 Give You Tempting Ways to Prepare Favorite Chicken Recipes.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

A Miracle Made Even More Miraculous By Wartime Paint Research!



QUESTION:
WHAT IS
KEM-TONE?

ANSWER: A FLAT WALL
FINISH THAT'S UNSURPASSED
IN QUALITY, BEAUTY,
EASE-OF-USE!



QUESTION:
IS KEM-TONE
BETTER TODAY
THAN YESTERDAY?

ANSWER: YES. INTENSE
WARTIME RESEARCH HAS
RESULTED IN THE BEST
KEM-TONE EVER MADE!

Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

**APPLIES LIKE
MAGIC!**

Just use brush or Kem-Tone Roller-Koater!



LIVING ROOM
Right over wallpaper!

Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

**DRIES IN
ONE HOUR!**

Rooms painted in morning ready in afternoon!



DINING ROOM
Right over paint!



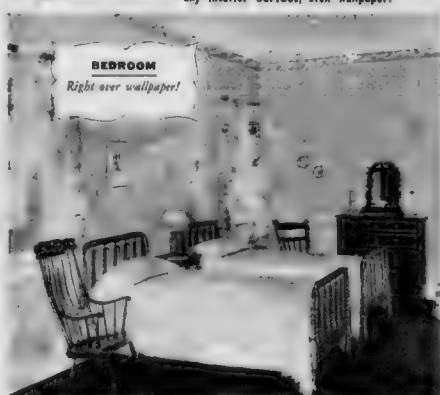
QUESTION:
IS KEM-TONE
A "WATER PAINT"?

ANSWER: DEFINITELY NOT!
KEM-TONE IS A MODERN
SYNTHETIC RESIN & OIL
PAINT MADE IN CONCENTRATED PASTE FORM THAT
MIRACULOUSLY BLENDS
WITH WATER FOR YOUR
CONVENIENCE & ECONOMY!

Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

**GREATER HIDING
POWER!**

One coat covers most
any interior surface, even wallpaper!



BEDROOM
Right over wallpaper!

Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

WASHABLE!

With wall-washing cleaners or wallpaper
cleaners!



PLAYROOM
Right over wallboard!



QUESTION:
IF KEM-TONE
CONTAINS OIL,
HOW CAN IT BE MIXED WITH
WATER?

ANSWER: THAT'S
A KEM-TONE MIRACLE! A
SPECIAL, SCIENTIFICALLY
DEVELOPED INGREDIENT
ALLOWS THE OIL TO BE
BLENDED WITH WATER.

Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

**LATEST, SMARTEST
COLORS!**

Styled by leading decorators!



Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

**INCREASED
DURABILITY!**

A harder, tougher, longer-lasting finish!



PLAYROOM
Right over wallboard!

The Great Home Brightener!

Lin-X

LIN-X CLEAR GLOSS—Brush it on wood, metal, linoleum surfaces. Dries quickly to hard, lasting finish. Resists dirt, water, grease, fruit acids, alcohol. Easy to clean! \$1.70 qt. 95¢ pt.

LIN-X CREAM POLISH—Polishes furniture without hard rubbing. Hides scratches. Cleans as it polishes. 69¢ pt.

LIN-X SELF-POLISHING WAX—Protects, beautifies wood, linoleum. Just wipe it on. Shines as it dries. Non-slip. 98¢ qt. 59¢ pt.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF KEM-TONE

Kem-Tone keeps ahead!

What's the most popular wall finish in America? Kem-Tone! What keeps it so popular? Constant research, carried on in the world's biggest paint laboratories where Kem-Tone was originally created. Today, a better scientific blend of pigments, resins and oils makes Kem-Tone a more remarkable finish than ever before. Its durability has been increased, its hiding power is now even greater. There's no finer finish for your rooms, regardless of price!



New! The Kem-Tone 4" Brush \$2.39.
Kem-Tone Roller-Koater . . . 89¢.
Kem-Tone Border Trims . . . 15¢.

FOR LOVELY ROOMS

The modern
miracle wall finish
Kem-Tone

\$2.98 PER GAL.
paste form

Makes 1½ gallons
paint, ready-to-apply.

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

There is only one Kem-Tone! Accept no substitute! There's a Kem-Tone Dealer near you!

Brighten Your Breakfast



"HOME STYLE" Flavor
Cooked From Whole Some Clara Prunes. Heavy Added For Energy
At your grocer's

EASY TO KEEP Blonde Hair LIGHT

All Shades All Ages

Simple Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made special for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep lighter hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dusty film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Covers hair, brightens hair, sets for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

GOT A COLD?

Help shake it off with **HIGH ENERGY TONIC**

Don't let a cough due to a cold drag on. If you haven't the stamina you need—because your diet lacks the natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building, natural oils you need—you'll find good-tasting Scott's Emulsion rich in these Vital Elements. It helps tone up the system, build stamina, energy and resistance. See a wonderful difference—buy economical Scott's today! All druggists.

TV SCOTT'S EMULSION YEAR-ROUND TONIC

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

and look 10 Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and safely remove gray hair from the scalp. Brush away the gray hair with the new Gray Away hairbrush. The brush has a special treatment which does the job of a hairbrush. It removes the gray hair from the scalp. The brush has a special treatment which does the job of a hairbrush. It removes the gray hair from the scalp. The brush has a special treatment which does the job of a hairbrush. It removes the gray hair from the scalp.

Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE
Mention natural root of hair in a post card today—100 NATIONAL, Dept. 205
CINCINNATI, OHIO

For CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 3, 1946

Household Almanac

So Easy to Cook Chicken

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

FRIED chicken dinners may be fewer in this summer's menus than in other years—but not because chicken is scarce. There is plenty of good chicken in the meat markets and poultry shops.

But because we are limiting our use of fats this summer to conform to Uncle Sam's request on food saving, and also because in some communities the supply of cooking fat is low, we'll have probably one perfect fried chicken dinner and then we shall cook chicken in the low-fat dishes—stewed, casserole, plain roast, oven prepared, braised.

Tips From the Poultry Experts

FOR any method of cooking, handle chicken as the poultry experts advise. Market dressed birds (that is with head and feet on, picked but not drawn) which are not frozen may be kept up to one and one-half days, wrapped loosely in waxed paper and stored in the coldest section of the refrigerator.

But it is preferable to draw the bird as soon as you bring it home from the market, then wrap it loosely in waxed paper, put it in the coldest part of the refrigerator and cook it the same day.

Hard frozen, it may be kept satisfactorily up to three days in the coldest part of the refrigerator; at the end of this period it will be completely defrosted and should be cooked at once. For quick defrosting place the bird under a stream of cold water, till defrosted, then cook immediately. Once defrosted, do not re-freeze poultry.

Hard Frozen

PACKAGED, drawn, hard frozen poultry may be kept an indefinite length of time in a freezing unit. Chicken livers should not be frozen and stored; cook them fresh.

You can buy, in most markets, poultry completely drawn and ready for cooking, as well as cut-up

poultry, frozen or not, and these should be handled like whole chicken. Wrap them loosely in waxed paper and keep them in the coldest part of the refrigerator, not more than a day, before cooking.

Leftovers

REFRIGERATE any left over cooked chicken promptly after the meal. Cover it well to prevent it drying, or picking up odors from the other foods. When a bird has been stuffed, remove any dressing and store it separately, well covered. Don't let the bird, dressing and gravy stand in the kitchen.

High Food Value

AND if you need any ingredient for serving chicken besides the easy preparation and good flavor, its superior food values make it an important asset in your menu.

Its high protein content makes chicken a valuable tissue builder for children and adults. Its minerals, (iron and phosphorus), make it an important factor in building rich red blood, strong teeth and bones. Its vitamins (nicotinic acid or niacin, thiamin, riboflavin, the B complex group, and Vitamin C or ascorbic acid) help to promote growth and stimulate flagging appetites.

Here's Good Fried Chicken

LOOK at the pictures for the simple, easy steps in preparing delicious fried chicken. Disjoint and cut frying chicken into 11 or 12 pieces. These are the two drumsticks, two second joints and thighs, two wings, two or three pieces of breast meat, two pieces of back, neck as well as the giblets.

In the second picture the method of flouring the pieces before frying is shown in detail. For three pounds of chicken use approximately:

- 1 cup flour
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1½ tablespoons paprika

Mix these together; any left-over flour mixture is used in gravy. Dip each piece in the seasoned flour, turn it and coat well on all sides and lay it on the cake rack to dry a little. The drying helps prevent spattering during the frying.

Heat enough shortening in a heavy skillet to give a depth of one-half inch.

In frying place the meaty pieces in the skillet first and avoid crowding. In turning the pieces during frying avoid pricking through the chicken and

its crust to prevent spattering and loss of juice from the meat. Use two spoons or a fork and a spoon. Note in the picture the fork is held parallel to the surface of the chicken, instead of piercing it.

As soon as the chicken begins to brown, about 10 minutes, reduce the heat, cover the pan and cook slowly until the meat is tender. This is 35 to 60 minutes depending on the size of the chicken. Turn the pieces occasionally to brown evenly.

Some cooks add two to four tablespoons of water or chicken stock just before the pan is covered, especially if the pan does not have a tight cover, so as to keep the chicken moist; this addition of a little water is necessary when the chicken weighs more than three and one-half pounds. If water is added, uncover the pan the last 15 minutes of cooking to re-crisp the pieces.

Garnish the hot chicken platter with parsley or water cress or cooked mushrooms.

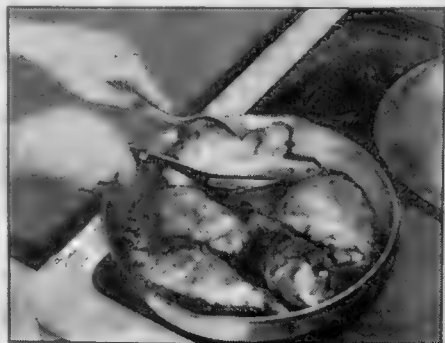
To make the gravy: pour the fat from the cooking pan, holding back the



Disjoint and Cut Frying Chicken into 11 or 12 Pieces.



Dip Each Piece in Seasoned Flour and Lay It in the Hot Fat.



Use Fork and Spoon to Turn Pieces but Do Not Pierce Them.

meat juices and bits of brown crumbs. Measure back into the frying pan three tablespoons of the fat. Add three tablespoons of flour, stirring it in smoothly and thoroughly. Cook this over low heat till frothy. Add two cups of cold milk or stock or water all at once. Then cook it, stirring it constantly, till thickened throughout. Let it boil briskly about five minutes. Season with a little salt and pepper and serve very hot.

In a separate gravy dish a green vegetable, such as asparagus and peas, lima beans or new onions, is delicious with fried chicken; potatoes in some form, corn sticks or corn bread, a green salad, and a hot or cold beverage. Or omit the salad and serve berries or other fruit as dessert.

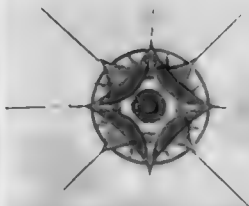
Don't serve a rich dessert, or begin the dinner with a heavy soup when the main dish you intend to serve is fried chicken.

Baked Fryers Mariana

THIS is a good dish for a buffet or punch supper: 2 fryers (1½ to 2½ pounds each) Garlic salt Dry mustard ½ cup boiling water ¼ cup fortified margarine 1 tomato, skinned and sliced 2 tablespoons chopped pecan kernels 2 tablespoons grated cheese Split the dressed and cleaned chickens in halves. Rub them well with the garlic salt and lightly with the mustard. Combine the hot water,

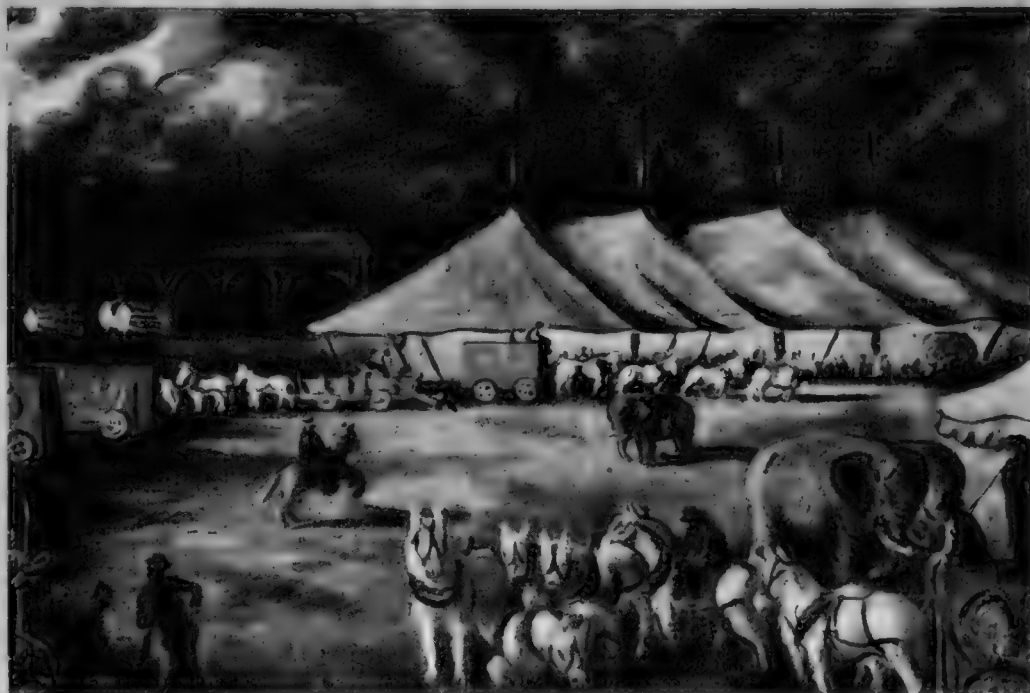
margarine and tomato and simmer to make a sauce. Brush the chicken with kitchen bouquet and brown it quickly on both sides under broiler heat. Place the pieces in a baking pan and roast them in a hot oven (400 Deg. F.) about 15 minutes to the pound, till cooked through. Baste the pieces from time to time with the tomato sauce. Mix the pecans and cheese and sprinkle over the cooked chicken. Run the pan under the broiler heat to brown. Serve very hot. Four to six servings in this, depending on size.





PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

Circus at the Fair Grounds



"After the Show"—by Waldo Peirce—from the permanent collection of the Whitney Museum. Other works by this famous American artist hang in the Metropolitan Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Brooklyn Museum, and other great collections.

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"The Circus is Coming to Town!"—magic words that have electrified the air in quiet American towns and villages, year after year! And, like the gala event they herald, Maxwell House Coffee, too, has become part of the American Scene.

Here in this great nation of coffee lovers, Maxwell House Coffee has been making loyal friends generation after generation . . . until today the extra flavor richness of this famous blend is enjoyed by more people than any

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★ ★ ★

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GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

No wonder it's bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in America!



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

MOJUD

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Stockings are still scarce, and often you can't get Mojuds; but in time more will be available. Then, as before the scarcity, you'll be able to say: "Mojuds please" . . . and get them.

MOJUD
the wonderful
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Isn't it about time you started to use Tampax?

Here's a chance to get ahead of any friends who have said you are "too conservative"

You have seen Tampax in stores and read about it in magazines. So if you are not using Tampax it's not because you don't know about this "internal" method of monthly sanitary protection. You've probably not "got around to it" . . . Why not discover Tampax for yourself? Millions use it now—discarding the belts, pins and pads necessary with the "external" type of protection. With Tampax you won't worry about edge-lines showing through dresses—and you needn't remove it for tub or shower. . . . A doctor invented Tampax on the medical principle of internal absorption. No odor is caused and no chafing. Quick to change and dispose of. . . . Made of long-fiber surgical cotton Tampax is compressed in neat applicators. In place it is invisible and unfelt. Month's supply goes into purse. Price, notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Feel and look as fresh as a daisy...Chase away those MORNING MIRROR BLUES...use LUCKY TIGER. Makes your scalp feel better, your hair look better...keeps you well groomed all day long.



May 5, 1946

Wrinkles and Personality



Kelly Bind

By SALLY YOUNG

CHARACTER analysts say that wrinkles are expressive of personality. They, like the lines in your hands, evolve in living, and express your life. What is in your heart, and mind through the years is reflected in your face. Wrinkles acquired from the strain of devoted loving family care make a woman seem more beautiful to understanding observers. On the other hand, there are ugly wrinkles brought on by emotions of anger, jealousy, hate and petulance, by self-conscious smirking and facial mannerisms.

The very first thing for any woman to do with wrinkles is to stop worrying about them. Also avoid being tense and having a grim set expression on your face. Relax.

A certain amount of wrinkles is obviously an indication of age but very often a lined or wrinkled skin is caused by extreme dryness, sluggish circulation, constant exposure to sun and wind, or family inheritance of skin conditions. The skin loses its elasticity

and transparency as old age comes on.

By stimulating circulation in the face and supplying additional lubrication to your skin, you can help soften the lines around the mouth and forehead and also make the skin clearer and softer in texture.

Procedure

AFTER cleansing your skin with a good cream, remove every particle of the cream with a cotton pad moistened with skin lotion. Then give your face a massage for five or ten minutes both morning and night. To do this use your fingertips. (See the technique paragraph below.)

Leave the cream on overnight. In the morning remove it with skin lotion and apply your favorite foundation cream or lotion to hold your make-up.

Twice a week at least smooth a circulation cream or stimulant over your face and neck, leaving it on for a few minutes as specified on the directions of the product you choose to use. Remove it and continue with your facial massage.

Facial Massage at Home

THE proper technique of massage is important. The face molding method is recommended to help restore firmness to muscles and tissues.

It is not massage which is apt to stretch the skin, or is it heavy patting which may break the tissues. The molding motion recommended is a gentle but firm pressure of the fingers exerted on the muscles as follows:

Press with the cushions of the fingers, then lift fingers slightly from the face, press and lift alternately moving gradually along each muscle. Mold with the fingers when applying cream but use a saturated pad of absorbent cotton for the lotions. Work rhythmically, molding each muscle at least three times.

This is simple and effective. To massage your face this way follow the natural line of the facial muscles. That is, from the base of the neck work to the chin and up the side of the face to the temples. Then trace "expression lines" from your mouth to your nose

trills; then go from the cheekbones to the temples; then around the eye from the temple in toward the nose and out over the eyelids. Massage the forehead from the center where frown tracks begin to the hairline.

Chin Up

ALONG with this massage, here's an exercise to help you in improving your chin line: Sit or stand erect. Extend chin forward and up, stretching as far as possible at least ten times. Slap your chin gently but briskly with the back of your hand at least 20 times both morning and night. Form your lips as if you were whistling or blowing; this helps you relax tense muscles around the mouth.

Wearing a chin strap will help, too. Drug stores and cosmetic salons sell these. For best results the strap should be worn one hour a day, rather than while you are sleeping. This will help support the muscles of the neck and chin and lift the sides of the face.

"Problem" Hair
made lovely again

To woo back your hair's true loveliness, shampoo as expert hairdressers do—with Admiracion. Admiracion magically floats away luster-diminishing dirt and loose dandruff, rinses off quickly, leaves no dulling film, brings beauty rushing back to every strand. Admiracion's fast, deep-down, gentle action is favored by thousands of hairdressers and millions of women. Ask for Admiracion Shampoo at your regular toilet counter or beauty salon.

Girls with lovely hair always get
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DON'T discard faded or odd stockings! Re-dye or re-match them with Tintex Stocking Dyes! In re-matching, first remove the old colors with Tintex Color Remover. Then simply re-dye the matching shade you wish. So easy—such amazing results! Only 10¢ at all drug, dept., and 10¢ stores. Buy Tintex Stocking Dyes—today!

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"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

Rita Hayworth

Star of
Columbia Pictures'
"GILDA"



"My Beauty facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

"First work Lux Soap's creamy lather well into your skin," says Rita Hayworth. "Feels like smoothing beauty in! Then rinse with warm water, a splash of cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness."

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle beauty care Rita Hayworth recommends will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time!



So quickly . . .

Screen stars are right! It's like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Toilet Soap's rich lather—



You may win . . .

Rinse with warm water, then splash with cold. Pat your face gently to dry. Such a quick, easy care!



Lovelier skin!

Your skin softer, so appealing . . . his eyes adoring . . . "You're lovely," he whispers, and a dream comes true!

9 out of 10

Screen Stars use this Care
Lux Girls are Lovelier!

FIGHT WASTE—Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

IT'S
EFFECTIVE

yet gentle

Nujol
MINERAL OIL

The easy-action laxative
for ordinary constipation



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"O-O-O MY FEET!"

WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES
THAT DRAG YOU DOWN, TIRED,
BURNING, TINGLING, PERSPIRING,
ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES
AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT
F-Z-N-A-U-G-I-T-I-D LOOK.

QUICK RELIEF!

GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH
EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHN-
SON'S FOOT SOAP, SOFTENS
CORNS AND CALLOUSES
* AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND
TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

CHICAGO, TORONTO AND SEAN

Wear Safe Clothes for Housework

By JANE TEN BROEK

THE National Safety Council
concerns itself with fashion for
housekeepers, safe fashions, espe-
cially for housecleaning days.
Here are ten suggestions for
smart, safe and suitable house-
work clothes:

Work clothes should be stream-
lined for safety, but have enough
fullness for free action when
working. Well-fitted oxfords
should support the feet.

Tailored, set-in sleeves do not
bind or pull.
Long, dan-
gling sleeves
interfere with
work and may
cause bad ac-
cidents.

A moderate-
ly full skirt
gives ease in
stooping or
climbing.
Short skirts
and smooth
hems keep
heels from
catching.

For doing
the washing,
a smart scarf,
tied turban-
like, holds the hair securely
so it can't be caught in the
wringer.

An apron protects your
dress. The apron pocket
should be diagonal, set at
such an angle it won't catch
on things; there should be
no frills to extend over
burners or get caught.

Ease in Action

FOR bending, kneeling,
stretching, reaching, wear
tailored slacks and a shirt-
waist blouse to allow free
movement. These are fine
for outdoor work, too.

Smart shoes with non-

skid low heels and firm
arches prevent falls, lessen
fatigue. For safety, keep
them in good repair.

If you must wear a
housecoat in the kitchen,
avoid frills, long sleeves,
flammable fabrics. No high-
heeled mules.

When cooking, add a skirt
to shorts costumes to pro-
tect the legs from spatter-
ing fat and spillovers.

Hang up the washing,
hose the basement, or clean
house in free-action shorts.
Wear low-heeled shoes, and
rubbers for these wet jobs.

Home owners need to give



a spring check-up to their
homes about this time of
year. The building council
of the National Safety
Council advises that the
roof needs checking to see
what damage, if any, was
done by winter storms.

And look at the top
courses of brick in the
chimney. If the mortar has
deteriorated and loosened
the bricks, make repairs
immediately before a spring
wind bounces a brick on the
head of an innocent passer-
by below.

Clean Up

THIS is the time of year,
too, to get rid of the ac-
cumulation of rubbish
which has piled up in the
basement or attic. In clothes
closets or elsewhere before
it becomes a fire hazard.

Use these weeks for a
building project. What
about that badly needed
storage space for house-
keeping articles, for food,
for toys? A sturdy hand-
rail on the basement stairs,
the new stair tread, the re-
inforced stepladder? And
check dark closets, halls,
stairs, basement rooms for
light bulbs. Add new ones
for accident prevention.

Refrigerator Hygiene

A NEW aluminum air fil-
ter designed to absorb
refrigerator odors (if any)
has just appeared in the
shops. It takes up but little
space because it is simply
hung or set against a side
wall, or attached under a
shelf. Its filter ingredient
is guaranteed by the maker
for three years or more of
good work in any refriger-
ator up to 12 cubic feet
capacity.

WALTER THORNTON
Pin-Up Girl



Try just one application tonight—then
compare the lovelier, natural-looking
color tones—the fresh radiance—the
sparkling highlights and clear, soft,
exquisite beauty of your hair. Get all
these today—Glover's original Mangle
Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo
—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—use
separately or in one complete treat-
ment. Ask for regular sizes at any Drug
Store or Drug Counter—or mail Cou-
pon for FREE application!



GLOVER'S

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St.,
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Send Free Trial Application package in
plain wrapper by return mail, containing
Glover's Mangle Medicine, GLO-VER
Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3
hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE
booklet, 1 encloses 10c to cover cost of
packaging and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

MOTHER, I USED
CLOROX IN CLEAN-
ING MY BATHROOM,
AND IT'S CERTAINLY
SPICK-AND-SPAN!



YES, DEAR, CLOROX RE-
MOVES STAINS, MAKES
THE BATHROOM FRESH
AND SANITARY...
MAKES CLEANING
EASIER, TOO!

CLOROX EFFECTIVELY COMBATS
INVISIBLE GERM DANGERS... PROVIDES
HYGIENIC CLEANLINESS!



HEALTH authorities wisely point the way to greater family
health protection when they recommend hygienic cleansing of
home germ "danger zones." Clorox is a powerful germicide...
it reduces infection risks when used regularly in routine cleans-
ing of bathroom and kitchen. For Clorox makes tile, enamel,
porcelain, linoleum, glass, wood surfaces sanitary. It effec-
tively deodorizes, removes stains, too. And Clorox is safe,
easy to use, economical. Used in laundering, Clorox bleaches
white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors),
makes laundry fresh, sanitary. Simply follow directions on label.

YEARS OF UNSURPASSED QUALITY AND PERFORMANCE HAVE MADE CLOROX THE CHOICE
OF MILLIONS... IT'S ALWAYS UNIFORM... IT'S ALWAYS DEFENDABLE!

America's Favorite Bleach and
Household Disinfectant

CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

"When it's Clorox-clean...
it's hygienically clean!"

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B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING
All the Benefits of Smoking Pleasure

I Always Buy
CHESTERFIELD
RIGHT COMBINATION - WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
- PROPERLY AGED

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